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SKETCHES
FROM NATURE,
AND OTHER
POEMS.

BY
ALEXANDER MACLAGAN,
Author of "Ragged School Rhymes," &c.

EDINBURGH: JAMES HOGG.
LONDON: R. GROOMBRIDGE & SONS.

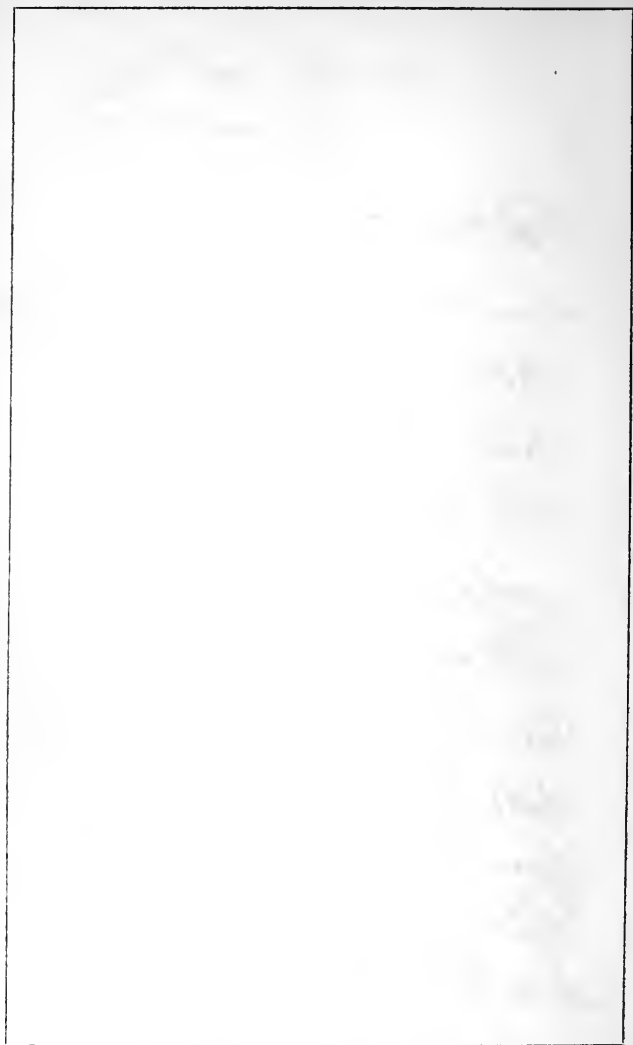
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Maclagan

TO
HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND,
The present Volume
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,
BY
HER OBEDIENT SERVANT,
ALEXANDER MACLAGAN.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Author of the present work has candidly to confess, that the introduction of his humble efforts to public notice has been to him a matter of considerable anxiety. Prefaces to volumes of verse are generally considered and estimated as the preliminary apology of the lady or gentleman who may be about to favour the friendly circle with imitations of the nightingale. But, alas! how do the public sympathise with the apologist?

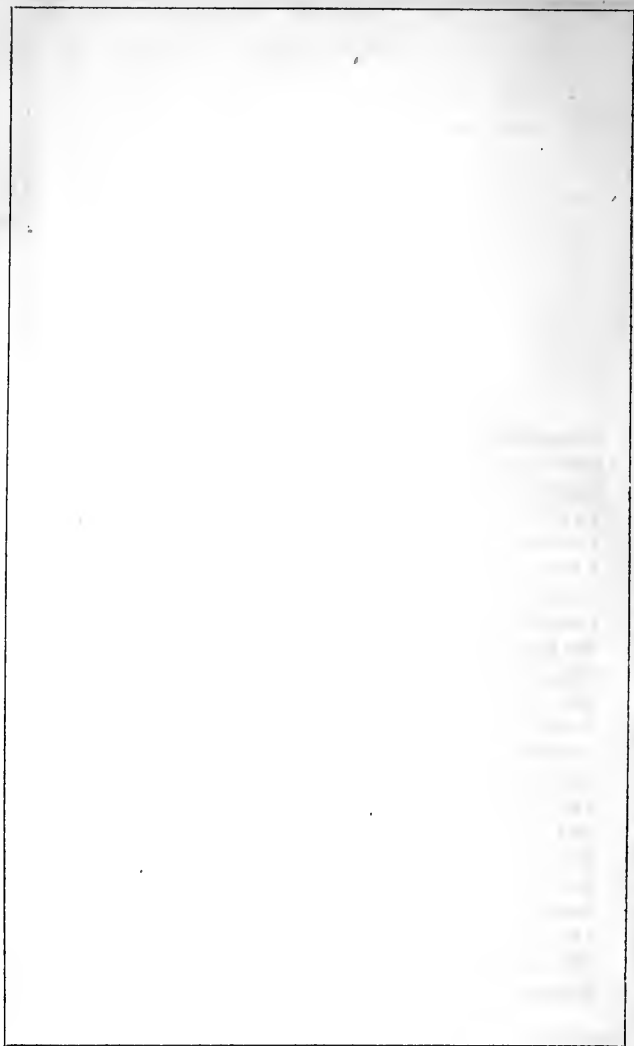
Most of the pieces in the present volume have appeared from time to time in many of the leading periodicals and newspapers of the day. A few were published in a collected form in 1841, which met with a very flattering reception: and the Author takes this opportunity of returning his thanks to the Gentlemen of the Press for their kindness on that occasion.

The Rev. George Gilfillan, author of "Literary Portraits," &c., in a notice of my "rhyming ware," has said that mine "has been the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties." A word on this point may not be out of place here. That a working man should write and publish a volume of verse, is no phenomenon; many of the brightest lights of literature in all countries, more especially in the "land of the mountain and the flood," have toiled for years at the press, the plough, the loom, and the hammer. That wealth and education, in themselves, have never made a true minstrel, is proverbial, nevertheless they are powerful allies in his favour. Take, for instance, a youth from school, ten years of age, and bind him at thirteen or fourteen to a laborious trade. See him working ten hours a-day for years, without intermission—struggling to unravel, meanwhile, the mysteries of literature, science, and art, without assistance or encouragement—and you will find that he has many hard battles to fight before he can hope to attain even standing-room in the literary arena. Such has been the literal position of the author of the present volume, who, however, dislikes a grumbler in any shape, more particularly in a book. He has felt, and

still feels, poetry to be a great and a true enjoyment—a grand art, and a glorious accomplishment. He has loved it for its own sake. It has sweetened many an hour of his existence; it has procured him the friendship of many of the best and most talented of his countrymen, which, to him, is above all price.

“Nature’s charms—the hills, the woods,
The fields, the flowers, the foaming floods—
Are free alike to all;”

and if, whilst breathing the air of his native land, wandering by her singing rills or roaring torrents, threading her tangled woods and flowery vales, or near the eagle’s home on the mountain’s hoary head, he is so fortunate as to pluck a few wildflowers of song, the presentation of them, “in their season,” to the lovers of the lyre, will ever be to him a sincere pleasure.



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SKETCHES FROM NATURE,
AND OTHER POEMS.

Sunrise from Arthur Bent.

SUNRISE from the glad and glorious sea!
Type of Eternal Power!—of Deity!
Of endless day and everlasting light!
Hail, holy sight!

Lovers of Nature's varied beauties, ye
Adorers of her might—her majesty—
Her flowery gentleness—her stormy power,
Hail the glad hour.

Sunrise from the glad and glorious sea!
Rejoice, O man!—bend, bend the humble knee,
Adoring low before the mighty sign
Of love divine!

Sunrise from the sea! Up with the light!
Up with the morning! to the mountain's height,
There, from the font of everlasting Love,
Poured from above,

Drink and refresh thy soul with the glad glee
Of the proud hills ye climb, that yours may be
The joy of angels when, enraptured, they
First hailed the day,

When darkness slept with death, and earth swung
round,
Moonless and starless, in the deep profound,
Till broke the words of mercy and of might—
“Let there be light!”

When God was felt—when Ocean’s mighty voice
Spoke to the woods, and bade the hills rejoice!
Birds sung, flowers sprung, and rivers ran to prove,
That God was love!

Lovers of the glowing prime,
Of the flowery summer time,
Would ye feast your souls, your eyes,
With grandeur when the sun doth rise,
Then up and climb old Arthur Seat,
With bounding heart and willing feet;
Up and greet the maiden morn,
Fresh and early, ere the horn
Of haughty, crested chanticleer
Bloweth in the ploughboy’s ear.
Lo! when the shadows of the night
Have plumed their mist-wove wings for
flight,

Mark the tiny silvery streak
Of light above the Ocean streaming,
Like the blush upon the cheek
Of modest beauty chastely dreaming,
When the thought of love's embrace
Throweth rose-light o'er her face!
Soon that gleam of golden light
Burneth brighter, and more bright!
Throwing o'er the starry skies
A thousand lovely rainbow dyes.
Now higher up in heaven, higher,
Climbs that wondrous world of fire;
Now from the coral deeps
The flaming glory leaps
Up with a giant bound.
Hark to the joyful sound
Of voices singing through the air:
Prepare, ye sons of men, prepare
Heart and voice with praise and prayer!
Lo! the sun is on his way!
Glory to the break of day!
Glory to the beauteous breaking!
Glory to the sun's awaking!
Sweetly smiling—gladly glowing,
Hope to drooping hearts bestowing!
Gems of beauty round us strewing,
Joy-creating, health-renewing,
Life-restoring, love-begetting.
Till his lovely hour of setting,

Till his daily race is run,
Glory to the rising sun!
Now, beneath his blushing beams
The earth a fertile garden teems.
'Mid the inland foliage, lo!
How the cottage windows glow:
The bark upon the merry sea,
Bounding on right joyously,
The shells that shine along the sand,
The rocks outjutting from the land,
The screaming sea-mew's giddy wing
The lonely island circling,
The beacon by the ruined port,
The flag upon the old grey fort,
The pigeon-crowds that fly and float
Like snowflakes round the old dove-cot,
The towering mountains wild, wood-bound,
Heather-clad, and cloudlet-crowned,
The shepherd and his simple sheep,
The goat upon the airy steep,
The cross upon the village spire—
All seem lit with golden fire!
All hail the joy, all hail the power,
All hail the beauty of the hour!
Till his daily race is run,
Glory to the rising Sun!

Summer Thoughts and Scenes.

NIGHT passed me on the mountain—a lone maid,
With cheek all sadness, and with brow all shade;
She had been weeping; the soft tears she shed
Fell through the midnight hour,
Where, wrapt in mist, the little flower
Had pillowed its fair head.

And all the brilliant stars that burned about
Her high dark coronet, were dwindling out;
The moon, that gemmed her sadly-solemn breast,
Sunk in the soft folds of her vest,
While cloud rolled down, like velvet soft, on cloud,
Wrapping her glory in a misty shroud;
And, as her noiseless footsteps crossed the plain,
Appeared fast hurrying onward in her train,
Gloom, silent sleep, and dreams of joy and pain.

She passes, and lo! like a youthful queen,
Morn comes, and the light of her glowing smile
Gladdens our land for many a mile!
A summer morn! with rainbows bound,
In a wreath of sunshine, her forehead round!
Her robes of gold are wide unfurled,
Her glory is gushing o'er all the world!

Summer! remember'st thou the day
When far from our homes you passed away?—
We looked to the woods, we looked to the hills,
For thy golden glance so pure and fair;
We looked in the face of the singing rills,
But sadly they told us you were not there!
We looked to heaven, and then there came
The pealing thunder and lightning flame,
And quick and dark the ponderous shower
Fell heavy upon the ruined bower,
And rushing through the decaying grove,
Unmade the blooming bed of love;
High rose the river swell on swell;
Down from the tower the turrets fell;
The bird of the forest, helpless thing,
Dared not trust its shattered wing,
For the blast raved ruthless through its nest,
And tore the kind down from its breast,
While drooping fell its songless bill,
And its gleeful voice was hushed and still;—
But summer! dear summer! that day is past,—
Thou hast come again from thy home at last!

O, sweet 'mid the glory of noon to be
A wandering one on the silent shore,
When summer is sailing upon the sea,
And the winds are asleep on its emerald floor!
When the sun bounds up in the morning sky,
And every gentle falling fold

Of the curling wave, that rolls brightly by,
Seems the flutterings on a flag of gold!
Then bounds the glowing breast to view
Ocean's face and varying hue,—
The light, the dark, the blue, the green,—
The silver path where the keel hath been,
And the sea-washed tower in the distance seen.
O! thoughts from heaven spring lightly round
The soul at every sight and sound,
When the lute on the land, and the song on the sea,
Are blending in glorious harmony!

Now, fruit, and flowers, and song, and mirth,
And love, and peace, live on our earth;
The buds are springing, the rivers are singing,
And echo is ringing the notes around;
How glad and glorious the sights before us,
While music floats o'er us in every sound!
O! deep the joy and fine the feeling,
The true heart owns through its quick veins stealing;
The start, the thrill, the pleasing flutter,
The deep emotion it cannot utter.

The ripples are rising upon the lake,
By the wandering zephyrs upward blown,
Like the aspen fit we sometimes take,
When beauty's breath blends with our own.
Here we may wheel in the merry dance,
Twine the rose wreath—watch each glance

Flashing like lightning from many an eye,
Where love, and youth, and beauty lie;
Here we may feel the young blood start,

And watch the bosom's silken lace
Heave, as if our partner's heart

Was rising up from its resting-place;
Here we may chant the tuneful lay,
And echo will sing it far away,
Till evening comes, with serious look,
And darkens the face of the little brook;
Then we shall bid our kind adieus
To all, save the lovely one we choose
To walk with through the leafy grove,
And whisper of joy, and song, and love.

O! sweet in such an hour to trace
The working of thought on Beauty's face!
When o'er the brow and changing cheek

Emotion flits, O! sweet, I ween,
To know that every word you speak
Can lighten or darken the lovely scene!

O! sweet to look on the midnight sky,
And watch each bright star's changing hue,
Then turn to earth to meet an eye,

With a pure soul beaming as brightly through!
O! sweet to part the locks that wreath
Darkly on a maid's white brow,
And into a willing ear to breathe
The burning sigh, the faithful vow;

To touch the lips so like the rose,
That rich, and ruddy, and bursting blows!

How cold and stony the abject heart,
Can live 'mid scenes like these unmoved,
And boast, as a high and manly part,

“Those trifling things I never loved!”

The glorious draughts the soul receives,
When the dew comes rolling down the leaves,—
The feeling that flies from the heel to the head,
When o'er the soft couch of the flowers we tread,—
The shiver of bliss that shoots through the frame
Is a rapture his bosom can never claim.

The music of the mighty deep,
When o'er the waves the wild winds sweep,
The heaving of its waters high,
The glory of the midnight sky,
The roaring of the thunder loud,
The bursting of the fiery cloud,
The high dark grandeur of the storms,
The blending of their awful forms,—
Are joys his soul, withouten light,
Can never know in its starless night,
Dark as the lump of mortal clay,
That wraps it round so clumsily!

Summer Tints.

OPEN your gold-hinged portals, downy clouds!
Burst your white bosoms! let the rich warm light
Melt off the mist-wove, silvery veil, which shrouds
The star of morning from our longing sight.
Lo! kindly ye obey, fair clouds,—and bright,
And pure, and blue, and beautifully breaks
Thy first fresh morn around us, May!
Hailing thee home, each happy heart awakes,
Thrilling with rapture 'neath thy vernal day;
When, mingling with love, and mirth, and melody,
Thou fling'st around thy wealth, that makes
Earth with her mountains, forests, lakes,
Fruits, and fair flowers—each tint she takes—
Rejoicing yield to thy sweet sway.
Hail! clother of the naked woods;
Hail! kind nurse of the tender buds!
Hail! dreamer by the mossy rills;
Hail! huntress of our heather hills;
Hail! beautifier of every flower
Which thy younger sister, Spring,
Strewed freely in thy maiden bower;
Hail! blesser of each blossoming;

Fair painter of the summer plains ;
Soul of the Poet's glowing strains ;
Sweet spirit of the lark's glad lay,
That woos the blushing girl to stay,
And linger still, when through the grove
Rings the glad song of joy and love!

Come forth, the smiling meads among,
Lovers of flowers and summer song ;
Come forth, glad hearts! and bring with thee
The minstrel's harp, to aid our glee ;
Come forth, with soul and sense refined,
With a warm heart and a sunny mind!

What wouldst thou, willing wanderer, now?
The soft air beats upon thy brow ;
Fair Nature's face before thee lies,
Her coverlet the rainbow's dyes ;
Whilst up to thy delighted eyes
Her varied beauties start ;
There's summer in each sight and sound,
There's God, and glory, all around!
Then let no wintry feelings wound
The gladness of thy heart.

Come forth, the smiling meads among,
Lovers of flowers and summer song ;
If thou delight'st to spend whole hours
'Mong woods, wild rocks, and wilder flowers,—

Go, find the unfrequented ways
Winding round the mountain's base;
Cross with care each rocky ridge,
Rustic stile, and wooden bridge;
Or, deep in Roslin's classic wood,
Seek sunny slopes and solitude.
There thy gladdened heart shall greet
Friends in all the flowers you meet;
There the broom, the yellow broom,
Will gild with gold thy grassy room;
There the streams, the merry streams,
Meeting on the flowery coast,
Will mingle, as we do in dreams,
With hearts we love the most.

•

Lo! richly green, from hill to hill,
The forest views are opening still;
How calmly soft the soothing shade
Old oaks around their roots have made!
How softly sweet the fragrant gales,
That warm the lilies in the vales!
How sweet to mark the winning ways
Where fall the sunlight's chequered rays!
Some deep within the daisy's breast
With the dewdrops find sweet rest;
Some upon the ruined tower
Seem to woo the wild wall-flower;
Some a richer place have found
Through the ancient garden ground;

Some where the grass hath overgrown
The letters of the dial-stone;
Some revelling with fairy glee
On the blossom of the strawberry;
Some where the garden queen, the rose,
Bursting with beauty, buds and blows;
Some creep within the mossy lair,
From which the tim'rous startled hare
Leaps, dashing with its downy foot
The dew from off the bramble fruit.

Come forth, the smiling meads among,
Lovers of flowers and summer song—
Where sweet fruit-tree and high hedgerow
With blossoms seemeth clad with snow;
Where the heart delights to hear
The ploughboy's whistle shrill and clear,
Though wild the music which he makes,
With every sturdy step he takes.
Mark where the wounded earth-clods reel
Beneath his coulter's crashing steel!
Whilst rattling chain and snorting team,
Still pressing onward, leave a seam
Of torn mould, which upward throws
The worm-feast for hungry crows.
Mark where his scythe the mower sweeps
Like lightning through the clover heaps;
Where the village maid upbinds
Long raven tresses, which the winds

In their soft amorous mood untied,
As o'er her snowy breast they sighed.
Hark! by the mossy mountain rills
She singeth while her milk-pail fills:
To love, and joy, and merry May,
She gives her young heart's warmest lay,
And flings her simple song upon
The footstool of her flowery throne.

An Hour for Song.

WATCHED ye e'er the clouds that flew,
Beautiful 'mid summer skies,
Like eagle birds of golden hue,
With pinions dipt in heaven's rich dyes,
Whereon the light of parting day
Soared to the sunny west away,
And melted like the blessed ray
Of love's emotion floating through
The deep, the dear bewitching blue
That lives within a maiden's eyes?

Watched ye e'er, with sight strained dim,
The sun go down with burning rim—
Down 'mong the richest gems that lie
Deep rapt in ocean's mystery?
And, when slow sinking from your view,
Marked ye the lingering look he threw
On glen, and hill, and lofty tower—
A look of glory and of power!
While, higher up, a purer light
Stood steady in the settled sky,
Boldly thrusting back the night,

Till west winds floating perfumed by,
Breathed forth the sunset lullaby!
And softly through the green grove rung
The sweet notes of the simple air
Which home-bound ploughboy blithely sung,
To cheer his blooming rustic fair?

Hast thou watched the rising moon,
When, pouring down her silver flame
Rich on the earth, all bright as noon,
The night without its darkness came?
Hast thou left thy merry home,
Alone through wood and wild to roam,
Nursing the soft and saddened mood
That feeds the heart in solitude?

Hast thou gazed, and paused, and mused,
On changing beauties in the skies,
Till they into thy breast infused
The lightning of their splendid dyes,
And thou didst render up thy heart
To melt and mix with every part
That constitutes the light and shade
Which Nature's mighty genius made?

Hast thou felt thy bosom bound
With sacred rapture at the sound
Of waters, winding clear among
The wild wood, sending forth a song

Mournfully, and soft, and deep,
Like maiden sighing through her sleep,
Murmuring till the flow'ret slept,
While ever and anon it dipt
Its fair head on the streamlet's breast,
Which heaved, and would not let it rest?

Has the hour of deep midnight
Full of love and feeling, found thee
Alone upon the mountain's height,
Where nought but stars were burning round
thee?

And where the brightest beamed and blazed,
Hast thou turned thee round and gazed
Long and lingering, till thou felt
Thy heart into their glory melt?

If through thy bosom there hath rushed
Such a tide of feelings strong,
Rejoice—for then thy soul hath known
The sweetest hour of love and song!

The Mountain Spring.

SWEET mountain spring! sweet mountain spring!
O! a sang in thy praise I fain would sing,
For mony a fair flower do ye bring back
That bloomed and dee'd on my life's rough track;
And lang-lost freens to my soul ye bring,
Thou beautiful, beautiful mountain spring!

Sweet mountain spring! ye ha'e been to me
In life's glowing daybreak a mystery,
A dream, a rapture, a sunny look,
A love-sang, a picture, a story-book;
And still to thy wild heather haunts I cling,
Thou beautiful, beautiful mountain spring!

Wi' childhood's e'e I ha'e looked up the brae,
And wondered, and wondered whar ye cam' frae;
O! I lost ye whiles, but found ye again
By wee Willie Wagtail's restin'-stane,
Whar the eagle aft bathed his sun-scorched wing
In thy beautiful breast, sweet mountain spring!

I ha'e watched the blithe packman come o'er the
 knowe,
The sun shining bright on his auld bauld pow;
When, to air his stock and to count his gains,
To stretch on the green grass his weary banes,
Right aft ha'e I helpit his pack to unsling,
A' to hear his queer jokes by the mountain spring!

And see the bold beggar, wha gloried in rags,
In kind-hearted dames, and in weel-filled bags,
Laugh slee in his sleeve when a ten-pound note
He kent was sewed up in his auld red coat!
He aft made the wild rocks quiver and ring
Wi' his bauld battle-sangs by the mountain spring!

By the burnin' heather right weel I kent
Whar the King o' the Gipsies had pitched his tent;
I needed nor witch nor warlock to ken,
By the weel-piked banes o' a wild moor-hen,
By the three cross-trees whar his kettle did swing,
That he held a splore by the mountain spring!

I ha'e seen the schule-callants, in roarin' crowds,
Dash down through the whuns like tempest clouds;
O! they cared nae a flee for hedge, ditch, or dike,
When huntin' for haws or a bumbee's bike;
Wi' hip, hip, hurrah! in a rantin' ring,
They shared their day's spoil near the mountain
 spring!

Lo! the goat frae the wild steep aft cam' to drink
From the wave-worn rock by thy flowery brink!
When the dew was brushed frae the bracken bed,
By the roebuck's race and the wild-deer's tread,
When rainbows their glory did o'er thee fling—
Thou beautiful, beautiful mountain spring!

Wi' joy I ha'e watched thy light-hearted flood
Leap over the head o' the wee rosebud;
When water-lilies and bells o' blue
Were shining thy pure sheet o' silver through,
Whar the red red hips and hawberries hing
In clusters around thee, sweet mountain spring!

And a sweet herd-lassie cam' aften there,
To kame the lang links o' her gowden hair,
To busk her young breast wi' the daisy meet,
To bathe in thy cool wave her wee white feet!
O! the lark left the lift to hear her sing
Her sweet-worded sangs by the mountain spring!

Sweet mountain spring! sweet mountain spring!
A sang in thy praise I fain would sing,
For mony a fair flower do ye bring back
That bloomed and dee'd on my life's rough track;
And lang-lost freens to my soul ye bring,
Thou beautiful, beautiful mountain spring!

A Sister's Lure.

THE glory of the starry night
Hath vanished, with its visions bright;
Whilst daybreak blushes glad my sight,
Take my first kiss of fond delight,

And let me greet,

With blessings meet,

Thy morning smiles, my sister sweet.

Lo! whilst I fondly look upon

Thy lovely face—drinking the tone

Of thy sweet voice, my early known—

My long, long loved—my dearest grown—

I feel thou art

A joy—a part,

Of all I prize in soul and heart.

Sweet guardian of my infancy,

Hast thou not been the blooming tree

Whose soft green branches sheltered me

From withering want's inclemency?

No cloud of care,

Nor bleak despair,

Could blight me 'neath thy branches fair.

And thou hast been, since that sad day
We gave our Mother's clay to clay,
The morning star, the evening ray,
That cheered me on life's weary way—

 A vision bright,
 Filling my night
Of sorrow with thy looks of light.

Yet there were hours I'll ne'er forget,
Ere sorrow and thy soul had met,
Ere thy young cheeks with tears were wet,
Or grief's pale seal was on them set,

 Ere hope declined,
 And cares unkind
Threw sadness o'er thy sunny mind.

In glorious visions still I see
The village green—the old oak tree—
The sun-bathed banks, where oft with thee
I've haunted for the blaeberry,

 Where oft we crept,
 And sighed and wept,
Where your dead linnet soundly slept.

Again I see the rustic chair,
In which you swung me through sweet air,
Or twined fair lilies with my hair,
Or dressed my little doll with care:

 In fancy's sight,
 Still rise its bright
Blue beads, red shoes, and boddice white!

And, oh! the sunsets in the west;
And, oh! my joy when gently prest
To the soft pillow of thy breast,
Lulled by thy mellow voice to rest,
 Sung into dreams
 Of woods and streams,
Of lovely birds, and buds, and beams!
Sweet were the morns that then did break,
Sweet was thy song—"Awake! awake,
My love; for life, for beauty's sake,
Awake, and dewy kisses take!
 Awake, and raise
 A song of praise
To Him whose paths are heavenward ways."
When wintry tempests swept the vale,
When thunder, and the hoary hail,
And lightning turned each young cheek pale,
Thine ever was the Bible tale,
 Or Psalmist's song,
 The wild night long.
How firm the heart when faith is strong!
Now summer clouds, like golden towers,
Fall shattered into diamond showers,
Come let us seek our wild-wood bowers,
And lay our heads among the flowers.
 Come, Sister dear,
 That we may hear
Our Mother's spirit whispering near.

For worldly wealth I have no care,
For diamond toy to deck my hair,
For silk or satin robes to wear;
Content, if I can daily share,
 And hourly prove,
 The joys that move
The pure heart with a Sister's Love.

Roslin Ruins.

Lo! birds are abroad, and each tender leaf
Is bending with tear-drops, but not of grief,
Chastely beaming like love's sweet dew
Laughing the glad glance of pleasure through;
Sweetest of airs round the wild-flowers swim,
The heather-bee hunts out its honey treasure—
'Twere well did we all take a hint from him,
To count on our profit as well as pleasure.
Then up, brothers, up, from your wintry dreams,
From the calm that rusts, from the sloth that kills!
Up, up, and away to the singing streams,
To the waving woods and the glorious hills!
Up, brothers, up, from your slumbers; lo!
The lark in the blue sky, hours ago,
Hath kissed his fair one, the virgin cloud,
And his bright wings blaze, in the glorious glow
Of morn, like sunlight blent with snow,
Whilst his matin song he sings aloud!
Then up, brother, up, for a brighter wing
Hath the glad soul of man to soar and sing!

How beautiful the hills; how green,
E'en to their tops, the woods between;

Up from its grassy dew-bathed bed
The crimson daisy lifts its head;
The laughing lily on the lea
Vies with the snow in purity;
The wild moss-rose comes forth to spread
Abroad her blushes, richly red;
Glitters like silver 'mong the leaves
The dew-washed web the spider weaves,
Spreading abroad its golden threads
To catch young blossoms in their beds!

Ye who love to spend lone hours,
 'Mid rocks and ruins time-struck gray,
Away to Roslin's mould'ring towers,
 Go ye and dream a summer day.
Warlike weapon ate with rust,
Column crumbling into dust,
Tombstone old that cannot tell
Who beneath the grass doth dwell,
The deadly air, the dreary clank
Of rusty chain in dungeon rank,
The midnight hoot of eery owl,
Song most drear of bird most foul;
Drawbridge, with its broken chain,
Ne'er to be updrawn again;
Shield and spear, in sculptured stone,
Battles with their banners gone;
Hiltless swords and headless spears,
Merry monks, and nuns in tears;

Motto, crest, and rambling rhyme,
Loving, warlike, and sublime!
Winding stairs in wild decay—
Those who trod them, "where are they?"
Loopholes choked with weed and flower,
From whence outflew the arrow shower;
Dismal moat, and donjon-keep,
Where the ivy loves to creep,
And the poison's dews do weep
Where the long, long-murdered sleep;
The keyless arch, the flagless tower,
 The sluggard stream through wild-wood
 flowing,
The crumbling column, or the flower
 Wild from its birth 'mid rank grass grow-
 ing—
All that speak of days departed,
Toucheth aye the feeling-hearted.

Lovers of song and solitude,
Away, away to Roslin Wood!
In ancient tower or battlement,
Wild war worn or thunder rent,
The name of Douglas, brave St Clair,
Are spells to woo your footsteps there!
And though little now remains
 Of strength and glory once that was,
A glowing fancy knows no chains.
 Rude Time may breathe upon her glass,

But cannot dim the sight sublime
She showeth of the olden time.
Woo thine own fancy there, and she
Will light her brightest lamp for thee,
Will gild again those crumbling walls
 With glowing rainbow tints, and show
Her picture-glories on bright walls,
 Strike the bold harp again, and throw,
With dazzling blaze and magic art,
The spell of beauty round each heart,
Whilst white, and red, and raven plumes,
Again flash through glad crowded rooms,
From gentle maiden's fairy foot,
 All tuned to love and formed for lightness,
To ponderous spur and iron boot,
 And polished helm, in sunny whiteness,
Albeit full many a bite is seen,
Where the teeth of the battle-axe have
 been.

Lovers of song and solitude,
Away, away to Roslin Wood!
The fairest scene could ne'er destroy
The thrilling start, the madd'ning joy,
The pure fresh rapture of the boy,
When to the rocky ridge I crept
From whence the living waters leapt;
There Fancy's fingers oft would mould
The shining sheets to harps of gold;

And when the winds did lift their wings,
When silver spray beat on their strings,
In woody glen and flowery glade,
How sweet the music that they made!

Land of my love! thy fair fields o'er
May battle din be heard no more!
Land of my love! where freemen tread,
Never more may blood be shed!
Land of my love! how cold must be
The heart that lives and loves not thee!
For nobler strokes for freedom won
Ne'er were struck beneath the sun!
Warmer hearts, with patriot heat,
Ne'er have beat, and ne'er may beat;
Brighter, lovelier eyes than thine
Ne'er have shone, and ne'er may shine;
And the earth hath seldom known
Genius brighter than thine own!

Thoughts near Craig Crank.

PURE as a holy spirit dream,
When studded o'er with stars of night,
Thou com'st from heaven, thou blessed beam
Of morn—of everlasting light!
Stranger to mortal grief or gloom,
Stranger to sorrow's dreary hour,
Thou smil'st as sweetly o'er the tomb,
As fair as on a gentle flower.
Child of the sun! full many a sight
Of wonder hast thou clothed with light!
Say, lovely sunbeam, didst thou rain
Thy radiance o'er fair Bethlehem's plain?
Gilding with glorious beams unshorn
The hour the Son of Man was born!
Didst thou rejoice in Faith's bright ray,
When Abraham raised his hand to slay?
Say, didst thou smile upon the tear
Of holy love and mercy sweet,
When Mary, full of hope and fear,
Weeping, washed our Saviour's feet?
Say, didst thou sweetly smile above
The pinions of the faithful dove,

That wheeled its dreary watery round
Until the olive branch was found?
Bright tints of glory didst thou fling,
On Abel's holy offering?
Say, didst thou gild the Cross! and fill
The souls with joy on Zion's hill?
God thy creator! God thy source!
God the power that points thy course!
Thy songs are of the spheres above!
Thou hast the lightning for thy love!
The stars are thy companions meet,
Clouds golden steps for thy fair feet!
A living light! a glory shed,
Bright burning, from the great Godhead!
Like holiness upon the brow
Of infant morn, thou smilest now!
Eternal as the words of might,
When rose the shout of angel bands,
When mighty mountains clapped their
hands,
And cried, "The light! the light!"

Lovers of the gentle spring,
Wooers of the maiden year,
Fancy hath a willing wing,
An eagle eye, like diamond clear!
Wouldst thou with her soar and sing,
High in the ever-glowing sphere,
Where the lamps of glory hing,

Raining beauty far and near?
Longs thy soul that she should bring
Vernal joys thy heart to cheer,
Vernal joys to summer dear,
The glorious draughts the soul receives
Whilst gazing on the blushing leaves,
The little, trembling, silver streak
Of light upon the lily's cheek!
The rosebud, with its heart of dew
Shining its leaves of beauty through!
The lovely tint that glows with pride
Upon the peach bloom's sunny side!
The mellow soft, the ripe ripe red,
Deep o'er the bursting cherry spread!
The rowan-tree, that hangs its head
O'er the rich strawberry bed!
The melody of summer birds,
The charm with which each sense is bound,
For which e'en language hath no words,
Sweet music's soul no sound;
Pure aspirations from the dim,
Dead airs of grief, that ever swim
Around the soul in hues of night,
Vailing the holy spirit light!
Chilling the wing that longs for flight!
Lovers of bright dreams, wouldst thou look
On nature's face as on a book
Of beauty, read by mountain brook!
Away, away to fair Craig Crook!

Hail, lovely scene! hail, lovely land!
Hail, features of the great and grand!
Hail, light of morn, now brightly beam-
ing

Where the woodland doves lie dreaming,
Whilst Echo, o'er Corstorphine Hill,
Starts from her sleep with right good-will!

Softly, softly do ye creep,
Slily, slily do ye peep,
Through the downy fern bushes,
Through the beds of bending rushes,
Sending soft and tender flashes
Through the milkmaid's dark eyelashes,
When they beam as bright and blue
As the heaven from whence ye flew!
When softly pure and chastely bright,
Ye are blending love with light!

Hail, land of beauty, worth, and art!
Hail, mother of the lion heart!
Of noble souls, of virtue rare,
Of deeds the dauntless only dare!
Hail, land that claims the world's praise,
For wit, and lore, and science fair!
Fame-wreaths, as bright as Roman bays,
Long hast thou worn, and still shalt
wear!

Hail, land of song! a spell hath bound
Our souls to thee as holy ground!

And, like the eagle's daring wing,
That seeks with joy its rocky nest,
Scotland ! thy hardy sons still cling
With rapture to thy stormy breast !
And, Jeffrey ! if I dare to twine
Thy name with this rude rhyme of mine,
It may be that, in bygone days,
You cheered me with unlooked-for praise.
It may be that a heart like thine
Still makes the mortal more divine !
Lo ! at thy feet, in thine own bowers,
I fling, as one would fling wild flowers,
These simple thoughts of summer hours !

The Cypress Grove, Hawthornden.

LET love and beauty wing the pen!

Pure thoughts descend like gentle dews
On summer's opening blossoms, when

A theme so fair for song we choose.

Oh! for an hour of glorious Ben!

Oh! for an hour of Drummond's Muse!
To sing thy beauties, Hawthornden!

Thy winding walks—thy lovely views!
Lo! here kind Nature freely strews

Her fruits and flowers with open hand,
All blending like the rainbow's hues,

The lovely with the great and grand!

Hail, features of our native land!

Sweet summer's vernal joys to prove,
Away to Drummond's Cypress Grove!

Away! away, in sunny mood,
Through flowery brake and tangled wood!
Away! and drink the mountain gale,
Glorious draughts from hill and dale.

Rest thee on the rock's high ridge,
Rest thee by the rustic bridge.
Away, and climb the rugged steep;
Away, and let bold fancy sweep
Thy soul above the Lover's Leap!
There own the rapture thrilling through
Thy breast above so fair a view!
The start, the thrill, the giddy glee,
Whilst gazing o'er the airy sea!
The dizzy rapture of delight,
Whilst sky-wove visions fill the sight;
The panting of the throbbing breath,
Like fannings from the wing of death!
The feeling of wild fearless flight,
Far above the eagle's might!
The sense of fleeing from all care;
The strange wild wish to mix with air,
With cloud, and mist, and sunny beam!
Back! back! it is a dangerous dream,
A witching spell, like that which lies
Deep in the serpent's burning eyes,
Striking the bright bird in the skies,
Who looks, and loves, and sinks, and dies.
Sweet dreams of summer wouldst thou
 prove,
Away to Drummond's Cypress Grove!

Sights of wonder wouldst thou own,
Here halls are cut from solid stone!

Here in living tints is seen
Mary, Scotland's murdered Queen,
Alas! to think so fair a form
Should prove misfortune's wildest storm!
More meet to hold a court of love

Among the sweets of Hawthornden,
Pure mated to the turtle-dove,
Than to rule and reign above

The iron hearts of warlike men.
We mourn thee, Mary! form so fair,
Alas! how all unfit to bear
Heart-breaking grief—the heavy share
Of hopeless love and wild despair.
We mourn thee, Mary! for we know
A soul of sin lived in the foe
Who caused thy gentle blood to flow,
And laid the lovely headless low.
But, like the lightning-stricken flower,
Whose last breath scents its native bower,
With glowing souls we still can own
The fragrance, though the flower is gone!
Sweet dreams of beauty wouldst thou
 prove,
Away to Drummond's Cypress Grove!

Ye clouds of thunder, hanging o'er
The grey head of the tottering tower;
Ye mighty winds, with pinions bold,
Sing to us of the men of old!

Ye living lightnings, as ye blaze,
Oh! speak to us of other days!
Ye mountains, woods, and noble stream,
All, all are dumb, but we can dream!
Ay, we can dream, and we can see
The flower of Scotia's chivalry;
Ay, we can dream, and we can see
The bonnets blue on Roslin lea!
Again our thrilling hearts can hear
The gathering shout, the charging cheer,
Ringing from vale to mountain high,
Of Scotland, ho! and Liberty!
We can see the fearful game
Death plays with steel, and flood, and flame;
He who fights, and he who falls
Headlong from the turret walls.
We can hear the madd'ning din
Of arms without and arms within.
We can hear the trumpet pour
Its thunder through the arrow shower,
And the ever-swelling cry
Of Onward—death or victory!

Ye spirits of the mighty gone
To glory! living lights that shone
O'er Scotland's dark and stormy hour,
Who saved her from tyrannic power,
A bright eternity of song
Shall ever to your fame belong!

Whilst Scotland loves the hearts and hands
That struck her harps, or bore her brands!
Bright dreams of freedom wouldst thou
 prove,
Away to Drummond's Cypress Grove!

Thoughts on Braid Hills.

LOVERS of the great and grand!
Lovers of the mountain land!
Lovers of the Land o' Cakes!
Come look on Beauty! from her lakes,
Sleeping like childhood, to the roar
Of torrents from her mountains hoar.
Come, wand'ers, if you love to see
Nature in her varied moods,
The proud glance of her majesty
Flash from her hills; and in her woods,
Like silence in sweet slumber, broods
The spirit of her solitudes.
She hath vales, where glide along
Glad waters, dear to deathless song!
Cold is the heart that may not glow
With fancy's wildest, sweetest dream,
Whilst at our feet we watch the flow
Of sighing Yarrow's mournful stream.
When night reigns in her starry noon,
When clouds war with the mighty moon,

You may listen there for hours,
Hearing still the wailing lay
Of true-love crossed, or fairest Flowers
Of the Forest wede away;
Or if a blither song she sings,
'Tis when some rustic beauty flings
A wild flower on her placid breast,
Praying the gentle tide to bear it
To the soul she loves the best,
Fondly hoping he would wear it
Near his heart till comes the hour
Her head will lie where bloomed the
flower.

Lovers of the great and grand!
Lovers of the mountain land!
Come and view her blither waters,
Leaping wild o'er linn and lea,
Like glad groups of earth's fair daughters,
Giddy with their girlhood's glee.
Come and see the young wild deer
Bounding to the river's brink,
Stooping and starting with joy and
fear,
To see a face in his crystal drink,
To meet an eye, so wild, so near,
So like his own, in the waters clear.
'Tis a glorious sight, I ween,
Amid the foliage thick and green,

To see him nobly toss and spread
The antlered glories of his head;
To see him bounding o'er the plain
Like a wild steed without a rein,
With mountain mist around his mane!
When hillocks sound, when bushes crack,
When flowers shrink on his torn track,
When dewdrops on his glossy back
Are glittering bright, like the beams that
 play
On the golden broom on a glad spring
 day.

Lovers of the great and grand!
Lovers of the mountain land!
Come and view her storm-rent steeps,
Where the proud eagle soaring sweeps,
Clothed in the plumage of his might,
 Around the mountain's head so hoary,
With pinions flashing, like the light
 The saints wear round their crowns of
 glory.

Lo! when bursts the thunder-cloud,
His song of joy he screams aloud,
Whilst the lightnings, as they fly,
 Rejoice in all their strength to see
Their own glad spirit in his eye,
 So wild, so fierce, so fleet, so free,
So full of Nature's majesty!

Lovers of the great and grand !
Lovers of the mountain land !
Wanderers, if you love to see
Nature in richest tints arrayed,
Come, climb the broomy Hills of Braid !
There listen to the minstrelsy
Of the wild-heather honey-bee ;
There own that rapture's chain hath bound
thee,
When God and glory glow around thee.
Behold ! to make your joy complete,
"Edina, Scotia's darling seat !"

I know how warm will glow and beat
Each noble soul and generous heart,
To see such beauty, worth, and art ;
But vain, I ween, are my poor powers
To picture thee, thou town of towers !
Thy palaces that glow in crowds,
Like those the poet sees on high,
Towering among the summer clouds,
When inspiration fires his eye.

I feel as doth the love-struck wight
When his fair mistress sits in sight—
Trying, alas ! in vain, to trace
All the rich beauties of her face ;
But, when he counteth up a score,
Lo ! thousands start out evermore,

Until he finds it vain to speak
Of breast, or brow, or eye, or cheek,
The dimple's shade, the eye's sunshine,
When the fair landscape's all divine !

The Forget-me-not.

SWEET Echo bells, sweet Echo bells,
Through the wild-wood sweetly ringing,
Rattling down the broomy dells,
Up among the rent rocks springing,
Happy dreams of childhood bringing—
Balm to breasts where sorrow dwells,
Till they forget misfortune's stinging,
And with summer rapture swells,
When Nature's minstrels blend their singing,
With every witching sight and sound,
And bursting buds are laughing, flinging
Honey fragrance all around,
Laden with pearls, to the ground!

Now listen, lady, unto me,
While I sing the history
Of a flower beloved by thee,
All underneath this old beech-tree!

Two fair ones of the human race,
With Heaven's pure stamp on form and
face!

Beneath the new moon's maiden beam,
Dreaming both the same sweet dream
Of virtuous love, they onward strayed
In silence, for they seemed afraid
That language would the bliss destroy
Of their young bosoms' speechless joy!

Now on a river's grassy brink
Reclined, wild flowers above them wreath-
ing,
So near they could not choose but drink
The fragrance of each other's breathing.
There, with pure hearts fondly beating,
Crimson cheeks and lips nigh meeting,
They breathed the chaste vow o'er and
o'er
That bound their hearts for evermore.

For evermore—the maiden turned,
As modest maid will do to hide
The blush that on her young cheek burned,
To calm love's sweetly-swelling tide.
To woo her lover's ears and eyes
From her blushes, tears, and sighs,
She pointed to a lovely isle
That in the sunny distance lay,

Then whispered, with a gentle smile,
 "Light of my soul! but yesterday
I saw beside yon river glowing
A crowd of lovely wild flowers growing;
Such flowers, to my delighted view,
Fairer, richer, never grew!
Now, when our bridal day draws near,
Some sunny hour we'll blithely steer
Our little bark to yonder bay,
And bring the fairest buds away;
For much I wish so fair a flower
And chaste should deck our bridal bower."

No sooner had the maiden flung
Her heart's wish from her love-tuned tongue,
Than, bounding from her gentle side,
Her lover plunged into the tide.
Soon he gained the flower-fringed shore,
Soon plucked the fairest buds it bore;
Now with his prize triumphantly
Again into the stream leapt he,
Dashing the drowsy waves aside,
Breasting the bolder flood with pride;
And now, to win his lady's smile,
Who, struck with terror, gazed the while,
He climbs the rocks, the hunter's dread,
They crash, they part beneath his tread,
He grasps a branch for firmer stay,
Alas! the treacherous roots give way!

Headlong he falls beneath the wave;
Headlong he falls, no arm to save;
But, ere the youth for ever sank,
He flung the flowers upon the bank,
And cried, "Forget me not!"

The fearless hunter of the Rhine,
Homeward bent at day's decline,
Wrapped in the forest's deepest shade,
Oft found the poor heart-broken maid
Mute gazing o'er the beetling bank,
Where from her sight her lover sank;
And what she wildly looked upon
For hours would change her like to stone.
Lo! whilst her lily hands she wrung,
This mournful song she sadly sung:—

"I know this is my bridal day,
But take the rosy crown away,
Flowers in the grave do rot.
Unmake, unmake my bridal bed,
Let no rich feast for me be spread,
Alas! how changed my lot.
But when I mate me with the dead,
My spirit to my true-love sped,
Come to this lonely spot
All you fair maids who are in love,
And plant, my resting-place above,
A sweet Forget-me-not!"

Thanks, gentle fair one, for the time
Given to this my humble rhyme,
To the fair flower's history,
All wove beneath the old beech-tree.

Scorched Flowers.

ALAS! that thou shouldst shine so fierce,
Proud burning summer sun!
To strip the green leaves from the trees,
The blossoms every one.
Have mercy on my favourites sweet,
The merry mountain flowers;
Oh! spare the grove where youth, and love,
And beauty build their bowers.

Athwart thy blighting burning beams
No cold cloud floats, alas!
Down pours thy fiery flood, and, lo!
Fast fall the withered grass;
No dews refresh the thirsty earth,
No merry breeze we hear;
And, oh! how fast from mountain springs
The waters disappear.

The weary winds lie faint and sick
Within their cloudy cells;
Sad Echo wonders no glad song
Rings through her rocky dells;

She hears no lute upon the land,
No song upon the sea !
E'en Nature's minstrels all are mute,
And dead to melody.

Beneath the hedgerow shadow lies
The panting shepherd-boy ;
He opes his breast, and bares his brow,
Yet feels no cooling joy.
His faithful dog, on hot hillside,
Beside his fleecy care,
How greedily, with long red tongue,
He laps the fiery air !

Proud blighting burning summer sun !
'Tis cruel thus in thee
To kill the sweet green verdure on
The healthy leafy lea ;
To scorch the heather bloom that decks
Our own dear native dells,
And drink the last sweet drop within
The merry mountain wells.

Rememb'rest thou, proud summer sun !
When, in sweet April days,
Ye wooed the gentle flowers to ope
Their bosoms to thy rays !
And there, upon each beauteous leaf,
Ye found a place of rest,
A downy couch, where ye might sleep,
Within each young bud's breast !

Oh ! do not prove like faithless swain,
That woos the simple fair
To ope her gentle guileless heart,
That he may nestle there;
Then, cruel, in that peaceful hour,
With false and fleeting wiles,
Woos, wins, then withers the sweet flower
That lived but in his smiles.

Bright burning summer sun, go shroud
Thy glory for a space,
And hide behind the thirsty cloud
Thy red round glowing face !
And let the gentle dews descend,
The balmy breezes blow,
And let, like rapture's thrill of joy,
The living waters flow.

And let the farmer's heart rejoice,
The thirsty bean-fields drink !
And let the gowans lift their heads
Beside the river's brink !
And let the sweet moss-rose look up,
And greet her kindred flowers;
And let us hear the thrilling songs
Of birds in hawthorn bowers.

Oh ! for a draught of Ocean's breath !
Oh ! for a rosy nook,
Where, through the thick-wove evergreens,
Ye scarce can get a look !

Have mercy on my favourites sweet,
The merry mountain flowers;
Oh! spare the grove where youth, and love,
And beauty build their bowers.

Granny's First Love-Letter.

COME here, sweet cousin Alice,
Come, sit ye down by me,
For I hae a simple story
O' love to tell to thee.
Ye smile; I ken ye'll think it a'
A foolish, moonshine matter;
But, heh, sirs! how I started when
I got my first love-letter!
'Twas on a lovely morn,
A morn in rosy June,
The flowers were in their richest dress,
The birds in sweetest tune;
The after-grace had just been said
O'er our sweet morning meal;
Sae doun I sat, and blithely sang
Beside my birring wheel.

When to our garden window, lo!

There cam' a gentle tap;

And syne a roar o' laughter loud,

And then a louder rap!

And then, as wi' a blast o' wind

The lattice open flew,

And there the witty, wild post-boy

Stood laughing in our view.

"Gude morrow," quo' our auld gudeman,

"Gude morrow to your glee;

How are ye? hae ye ony news

Within your belt for me?"

"No! nane for you the day, my friend;

But may I daur to speer

Gif a bonny strappin' lassie,

Ca'd Jenny, lodges here?

"For I hae a wee bit billet for

The bonny feathered doo;

And as she seems sae sweer to rise,

I e'en maun gie't to you."

Then, wi' a mocking solemn face,

He hoped that I was weel;

That, for a maid, the safest place

Was at her spinning-wheel.

"For Jenny!" quo' my father,

Wi' kindlin' wrath; and then

His awfu' voice, and collie's bark,

Soon brought my mither ben.

She pu'd her silken purse, to pay
The post, that he nicht gang;
But the mischief-loving deevil still
Beside the window hang.

And aye he winked his wicked e'e,
And shook his curly head,
And, laughing, cried, "I ken right weel,
At sight, a lover's screed.

Their seals are a' 'Forget-me-nots,'
Or 'Heart's-ease for Love's pain,'
Or a pair o' sheers the motto,
'We part to meet again.'

"I think I guess the writer too;
'Tis like our young squire's hand;
And *he's* no gaun to be a saunt,
As far's *I* understand;
Sae a watchfu' e'e I hope ye'll keep
Upon your bonny pet."
Then aff he flew, and like a hound
He lapt the garden yett.

O! had ye seen us, Ailie, dear,
'Twas gloom and silence a';
Had ane but drapt the weest prin,
Ye nicht hae heard it fa'.
I turned a sad beg-pardon e'e
Towards my gentle mither;
But the twa puir folk like statues stood,
Mute, gazing on ilk ither.

At length my father turned, and lo!
The wrinkles o' his broo
Were marble pale, but soon as black
As thunder-clouds they grew;
Whilst, from his dark and stern e'e,
The fire that flashed and flew,
Like deadly arrows struck my heart,
And pierced it through and through.

I felt like ane who struggles wi'
A dream o' agony—
A torturing dream o' drowning in
A tempest-troubled sea.
And then I wept and trembled,
As doth the new-caught hare,
When it battles with a lingering death,
Within the hunter's snare!

And then I flew, and flung my arms
Around my father's neck—
And there I clung like ane who clings
For life frae sinking wreck.
And when my burning temples fell
Upon his honest breast,
I shut my e'en for shame, and then
My maiden love confest.

I tauld him that my lover tried
Nae vile, nae wicked art,
To wreck my bosom's peace, nor steal
One virtue from my heart.

That honour, truth, and constancy,
Had fanned our mutual flame;
That he might break the seal, and see
He wore nae worthless name.

My mither's heart had grown sae grit,
She scarce could stand or speak;
But the sweet tears o' forgi'en love
Fell het upon her cheek.

At length she said, "My dear gudeman,
Ye maun forgi'e our bairn,
For the bonny brow o' sweet sixteen
Has muckle wit to learn.

"Ha'e ye forgot when you and I
Forgathered, fond and young;
When we fand the wicked world wore
A sting beneath its tongue?
As for the letter, ye may mind
Ye sent me sic anither,
And near-hand gat a crackit croon
Frae my cross-grained gran'mither."

And when I ventured to look up,
I saw that frae his face
Wild anger's withering wintry gloom
Had fled, and left nae trace;
That frae the landscape o' his soul
The clouds had passed away;
And I felt like ane wha's sudden cast
Frae night to sunny day.

He raised me up, and bade me dicht
My sorrow-laden een;
Then took my hands in his, and said,
“ I still will be your frien’.
That ye should hide your love frae me,
Made me right wroth, I trow;
But I find that ye are virtuous, and
The passion’s aff me noo.

“ Sae, if ye like, ye e’en may send
An answer to the chiel,
And tell him to come wast the nicht—
I ken his auld folks weel.
And gin ye be like other maids,
Ye’ll like, nae doubt, far better
To see the honest lad himsel’,
Than get anither letter.”

I oped the gilt-edged sheet, and read,
And, though it wasna lang,
’Twas gude the little that was o’t,
And ended wi’ a sang!
A sweet, sweet-worded sang, a’ fu’
O’ dear heart-wyling turns,
’Twas written by our own loved bard—
Our dear immortal Burns!

Noo, my sweet cousin Alice,
Ye’ve aye been dear to me,
My bridal day is drawing nigh,
And bride’s-maid ye maun be.

'Tis settled a'—neist Sunday week
Mess John wons up the matter
But, hech, sirs! how I started when
I gat my first love letter?

Auld Robin.

AULD Robin o'er the kirkyard stile
Gazed on the setting sun;
Watching its closing race, he thought
His ain would soon be run.
A tear stood on his cheek, like dew
Upon a withered leaf;
Whilst to his little guardian thus
He breathed his "joy of grief."
'Tis kind in you, wee Johnnie,
Ere life's last sand is run,
To lead me forth to see the flowers,
To feel the kind warm sun;
To hear the breeze—to set me on
The traveller's resting-stane,
When a' my kith, and a' my kin,
And a' I lo'e are gane.
'Tis kind in you, wee Johnnie,
For sma,' sma' is your fee;
'Tis a' for some bauld tale anent
The "Knycht o' Ellerslie."

Or in the gloaming's deep'ning hour,
When o'er my chair ye hing,
To pay me back wi' your het tears
When some auld sang I sing.

'Tis kind in you to lead me through
The bean-fields in their bloom;
That my auld withered heart may drink
New life frae their perfume.
For when their fragrant breath blaws o'er
This furrowed brow o' mine;
I think upon the joys I've had
I' the blithe hairsts o' langsyne.

'Tis kind to lead me to the woods,
To hear the wee birds sing;
Tho' they dinna bring the same heart-thrills
That they were wont to bring;
But I forget that then their notes
Rang through a greener tree,
When my sweet Jean and her wee tots
Were thick around my knee.

'Tis kind to lead me to the burn,
Whar, in my schoolboy days,
I biggit boats, and brigs, and mills,
Beneath the bramble braes.
For on its banks I won a heart
Baith leal, and warm, and true;
But troubled dreams of buried bliss
Is a' that's left me noo.

But clouds will change the brightest sky,
And storms the calmest sea;
Then why should I repine, when Fate
Lays heavy hands on me?
I do my best to leave aboon
The grave's laigh lanely hame,
A poor man's richest legacy,
And that's an "honest name!"
Noo, lead me hame, wee Johnnie,
Tho' sma,' sma' is your fee,
A blessin' on your wee kind heart
Is a' I ha'e to gie.
Heav'n will reward the friendly hand,
That, ere life's sand is run,
Leadeth the aged forth to see
The flowers, and feel the sun!

The Auld Meal Mill.

THE auld meal mill—oh, the auld meal mill,
Like a dream o' my schule-days it haunts me still;
Like the sun's summer blink on the face o' a hill,
Stands the love o' my boyhood, the auld meal mill.

The stream frae the mountain, rock-ribbet and
brown,
Like a peal o' loud laughter, comes rattlin' doon.
Take my word for't, my freen—'tis nae puny rill
That ca's the big wheel o' the auld meal mill.

When flashin' and dashin' the paddles flee round,
The miller's blithe whistle aye blends wi' the sound;
The spray, like the bricht drapswhilk rainbows distil,
Fa' in showers o' red gowd round the auld meal mill.

The wild Hielan' heather grows thick on its thack,
The ivy and apple-tree creep up its back;
The lightning-winged swallow, wi' Nature's ain skill,
Builds its nest 'neath the eaves o' the auld meal mill.

Keep your e'e on the watch-dog, for Cæsar kens
weel

When the wild gipsy laddies are tryin' to steal;
But he lies like a lamb, and licks wi' good-will
The hard horny hand that brings grist to the mill.

There are mony queer jokes 'bout the auld meal
mill;

They are noo sober folks 'bout the auld meal mill,
But ance it was said that a het Hielan' still
Was aften at wark near the auld meal mill.

When the plough's at its rest, the sheep i' the fauld,
Sic gatherin's are there, baith o' young folk and
auld;

The herd blaws his horn, richt bauldly and shrill,
A' to bring doon his clan to the auld meal mill.

Then sic jumpin' o'er barrows, o'er hedges and har-
rows—

The men o' the mill can scarce fin' their marrows;
Their lang-barrelled guns wad an armoury fill—
There's some capital shots near the auld meal mill.

At blithe penny-weddin', or christ'nin' a wee
ane,

Sic ribbons, sic ringlets, sic feathers are fleein';
Sic laughin', sic daffin', sic dancin', until
The laft near comes doon o' the auld meal mill.

I ha'e listened to music—ilk varying tone
Frae the harp's deein' fa' to the bagpipe's drone,
But nane stirs my heart wi' sae happy a thrill
As the sound o' the wheel o' the auld meal mill.

Success to the mill and the merry mill wheel !
Lang, lang may it grind aye the wee bairnie's meal !
Bless the miller, wha aften, wi' heart and good-will,
Fills the widow's toom pock at the auld meal mill.

The auld meal mill—oh, the auld meal mill,
Like a dream o' my schule-days it haunts me still;
Like the sun's summer blink on the face o' a hill,
Stands the love o' my boyhood, the auld meal mill.

To a Wounded Sea-Bird.

I MARKED the murdering rifle's flash,
I marked thy shattered pinions' dash
Of agony, and heard
Thy wild scream 'bove the wailing blast,
When, stricken low, ye struggled past,
Poor wounded ocean-bird!

And ever as the swelling wave
Thee and thy riven plumage gave
Up to my aching sight,
Thy glossy neck, with terror strained,
Showered forth warm crimson drops, which
stained
The sea-surf, foaming white.

Away! on, on the proud ship flies;
And he who struck thee from the skies—
Heartless destroyer he!—
Feels not a pang for thee, poor thing!
Tossed by the reckless buffeting
Of the cold careless sea.

Thy mates, perchance to bathe their breast,
May seek awhile thy wave to rest,
 With greetings soothing kind!
But soon, alas! they'll gild the air,
With flashing plumage, fresh and fair,
 Leaving thee far behind.

How it will wring thy little heart,
To see thy kindred all depart,
 All glad, refreshed, and free!
Thou'lt stretch in vain thy wounded wing,
Thou may'st not from the wave upspring—
 Alas! poor bird for thee!

Alas, for thee, poor bird!—no more
'Twill be thy joy with them to soar
 Through sunshine, calm, or storm;
Nor on the shelly shore to land,
And sit like sunshine on the sand,
 Pluming thy beauteous form.

The wintry wind that rudely raves,
The lashing rains, the torturing waves,
 Thy bleeding bosom beats.
The ocean-scattered food doth pass
Before thine eyes, but thou, alas!
 May never taste its sweets.

Cold, nestled on the black sea-rock,
I hear thy little feathered flock
 In piteous accents mourn

For thee and food—but all are gone;
And thou art drifting on, and on,
And can no more return.

Farewell, poor wounded bird! like thee
Full many a pilgrim o'er life's sea
In peace would fain float on,
Wer't not that tyrants on the flood
Thirst, ever thirst, to shed the blood
That's purer than their own!

THEE'S EVENING SONG.

NIGHT's finger hath pressed down the eyelids of
day,

And over his breast thrown a mantle of grey;
I'll out to the fields, and my lonely way
Shall be lighted by Fancy's burning ray;
And, oh! might I hear my own love say—

“Sing on, sing on, I'll bless thy strain”—

My heart would re-echo most willingly,

“Amen, sweet spirit, Amen!”

I seek the green bank where the streamlet flows,
The home of the blue-bell and wild primrose;
Where the glittering spray from the fountain
springs,

And twines round the branches like silver strings,
Or falls again through the yellow moon's rays,
Like rich drops of gold—a thousand ways.

I come in thy presence, thou bright new moon,
To spend nature's night, but true love's noon;

To stretch me out on the flowery earth,
And to christen with tears the young bud's birth.
Oh! surely, ye heavens! some being of light
Is descending to earth in this calm, calm night,
Bearing balm and bliss from a holier sphere,
To cheer the hearts that are sorrowing here,
Gently alighting upon each breast
It knew on earth and loved the best;
That its strength be renewed, its sleep be rest,
Its thoughts be pure, and its dreams be blest.
Spirit of brightness! on me alight;

For the thirst of my soul would gladly sip
The dew that is shed from thy downy wing;
Then breathe, sweet spirit, O! breathe on my
lip,

And teach me the thoughts of my soul to sing;
For my words must be warmed at a holy flame,
Ere I venture to breathe my true love's name!
I speak it not to the worldly throng,
I sing it not in the festive song;

But, when clasped in the arms of the solemn
wood,

In the calm of morn and the stillness of even,

I tell to the ear of solitude

The name that goes up with my prayers to heaven.

Come, Echo! come, Echo! but not from the caves
Where gloom ever broods, and the wild wind
raves;

Come not in the gusts that sweep over the graves,
In the roar of the storm, or the dash of the
waves;

But softly, gently rise from the earth,
As full as the heave of a maiden's breast,
When the first sigh of love is starting to birth,
And sweetly disturbing her bosom's rest;
Softly, gently, rise from the bed
Where the young May gowan hath laid its head,
Hath laid its head, and slept all night,
With a dewy heart—so pure and bright;
Come with its breath, and the tinge of its blush;
Come with its smile when the skies grow flush:
Come, and I'll tell thee the secret way
Thou must go to my love with my lowly lay;—
Onward, on, through the silent grove,
Where the tangled branches are interwove;
Onward, on, where the moon's gold beam
Is painting heaven upon the stream;
Through flowery paths still onward; on,
Till you meet my love as you meet the sun—
A being too bright to look proud upon!
But her gentle feet will as softly pass
As the shade of a cloud on the sleeping grass;
And the soul-fed blue of her lovely eye
Is as dark as the depths of the cloudless sky,
And as full of magic mystery!
And, more than all, her breath is sweet
As the blended odours you love to meet

When you stir at morn the blooming bowers,
And awake the air that sleeps round the flowers.
Then tell her, Echo, my whispered vow,
I cannot breathe it so well as thou,
Oh! tell her all I am feeling now!

Inauguration to Fancy.

LIGHT-FOOTED Fancy! bring to me
The gems of earth, and air, and sea:
Spring's sweet breath, and Summer's glee,
With all their winning witchery!
Gladdening, glowing, glorious thing,
Take my soul upon thy wing,
And bear it to some soothing scene,
With skies of blue and bowers of green,
Where beauty's foot hath often been,
Where glow the sights her eyes have seen;
Where round the ruin ivy creeps,
Where o'er the rock the clear dew drips;
Where down the vale the soft wind sweeps,
Singing till the shepherd sleeps;
Where the streamlet's living wave
Kisses the bank it loves to lave,
And the merry trout, with finny wings,
Up from its wat'ry wimple springs.
Then lay me down in that calm bower,
Where lovers have spent their midnight hour,
When the burning chain of rapture bound them,
And their own soft sighs were breathing round
them;

When glorious visions filled their brain,
And the blood, that broke every curbing chain,
Ran restless through each trembling vein;
While oft they prayed the silver moon
For Love's sake not to fly so soon;
While the evening star, so pure and bright,
Looked fond into each face all night;
And their words of love and truth to hear
Unseen angels hovered near.

Or, Fancy! if thou art unheeding
To my soft and sylvan pleading,
Bear me where the restless shore
Bays to the ocean's mighty roar;
Bear me where the frantic storm
Swells itself to giant form;
Bear me where the ceaseless waves
Deep in the rock are carving caves;
Bear me to the dizzy height,
Fling me to the tempest's might.
I can look in the face of night,
And see it all start out to light;
For thunders roar and lightnings fly
To glad mine ear, to please mine eye!

Wherever thou wilt lead, I care not—
Through calm or storm, or day or night;
Thou knowst no clime to which I dare not
Follow in thy phantom flight.

Yet most I love to wander lone,
Where soothing silence woos to rest,
And living things are all unknown,
Save in the woodland turtle's nest;
There Fancy smooths my bed, and brings
A little heaven upon her wings;
And swiftly fly the blessed hours
When, stretched upon her couch of flowers,
And upward looking to the sky,
I watch the white clouds sailing by.
O! then my soul forsakes its clay
To wander o'er that heavenly way,
Where many a mansion, town, and tower
Start up to my delighted eyes;
And I can call them all my own,
Glittering bright in rainbow dyes!
What though the fleeting vision flies
Far from my sight in hazy air,
Another dream will soon arise,
Another sight as gay and fair!

Queen of my heart! wer't not for thee,
How poor this life of mine would be!
When Zephyr, in her wanton jest,
Lifts thy locks (like sunbeams fair),
And lays them gently on my breast,
How deep my joy to feel them there!
The worldly cold—the unfeeling wise—
Do thee, and song, and me despise;

They tell me that I soon will wake
From my stupor deep of dreamy madness,
To see my air-built castles break
Dark on my path in clouds of sadness.
They tell me that mine eye's wild beam
Will soon be quenched in woful weeping;
But let me dream my heavenly dream,
Whilst in this world of darkness sleeping,
And sure the vision is more sweet
Than any dim material show
Of sights all soiled with dust below,—
Poor, fading, fleeting, fallen things!
Fancy! thy high imaginings
Are truer, better far, than all
That rattles in this childish ball!

Early Rising.

GLOWS not thy soul with delight,
Thrills not thy heart's dearest string
With rapture, as bursts on thy sight
The new-born beauties of Spring?
Up, up at the dawn of the day;
Up, up from thy lone wintry dreams;
Arise from thy slumbers deep, and away
To the hills where the morning sun beams!
There comes a soft song from the bowers;
There comes a glad voice from the glen;
There comes a sweet breath from the flowers;
Then give thanks, all ye children of men,
To the Hand which hath planted the seed
Of each gentle young floweret we see:
O! blessed the heart is, indeed,
Which in truth feels how lovely they be!
O! sweet is the lily that blows,
And the wild-flower, with bells of blue;
Sweet are the lips of the budding rose
As they drink in the morning dew!

And fair are the branches that shoot,
So rich and so fresh in our view,
With the promise of glorious fruit,
Where the golden stores once grew !

Up, ye that are lightsome of limb,
Up, ye that are merry of mood,
Haste from your chambers all curtained dim,
And away to the merry greenwood !
There tree, rock, flower, and stream,
Are bright to thine eyes unfurled,
And the earth, and the sky, and the ocean
seem
Pure parts of an infant world !

I ken a Fair wee Flower.

I KEN a fair wee Flower that blooms
Far doon in yon deep dell;
I ken its hame, its bonny hame,
But where, troth I'll no tell:
When rings the shepherd's e'ening horn,
Oft finds that soothing hour
Stars in the sky, dew on the earth,
And me beside my Flower.

It is not from the tints o' day
My gentle Flower receives
Its fairest hue, nor does the sun
Call forth its blushing leaves;
In secrecy it blooms, where Love
Delights to strew his bower,
Where many an unseen spirit smiles
Upon my happy Flower.

Ah! weel ye guess that fancy gives
This living gem o' mine
A female form a' loveliness,
A soul in't a' divine—

A glorious e'e that rows beneath
A fringe o' midnight hue;
Twa yielding lips wi' love's ain sweets
Aye melting kindly through.

'Tis a' the wealth that I am worth,
'Tis a' my praise and pride,
And fast the hours flee over me
When wooin' by its side;
Or looking on its bonny breast,
So innocently fair,
To see the purity and peace,
And love that's growin' there.

Wi' saftest words I woo my Flower;
But wi' a stronger arm
I shield each gentle opening bud
Frae every ruthless harm.
The wretch that would, wi' serpent wile,
Betray my Flower so fair,
May he live without a cheering friend,
And die without a prayer!

The Harp of Burns.

AYE! long may Scotia's sons revere
Thee! Harp of Burns, thou ever dear!
For many a glad soul-stirring strain
In banquet-hall—on battle plain—
Has from thy chords in triumph sprung,
Since first thou wert divinely strung!
And therefore do we all revere
Thee! Harp of Burns, thou ever dear!

Full many a sweet-toned harp we've heard
Well played, I ween, by skilful bard;
But never harp, nor lute, nor lyre,
For nature's native force and fire,
For valour, wisdom, wit, and glee,
Were ever match, brave Harp, for thee!
And therefore do we all revere
Thee! Harp of Burns, thou ever dear!

In Summer's flowery tints we see
Fair types of thy rich harmony!
We hear among our deep'ning woods
The spirit of thy mournful moods;

And in our tempests, dark and strong,
The terrors of thy warlike song !
And therefore do we all revere
Thee ! Harp of Burns, thou ever dear !

Thy Mountain Daisy's hapless fate,
When "crushed beneath the furrow's weight,"
Thy cowerin' Mousie's "wee bit nibble,"
In ruined beil' "o' leaves and stibble,"
Call forth the saddest sigh and start
That ever broke from human heart !
And therefore do we all revere
Thee ! Harp of Burns, thou ever dear !

But when thy numbers, like the blast
Of winter, sweep on fierce and fast,
Again in each wild note we hear
The gathering shout ! the charging cheer !
Made England's hosts in terror turn
From victory ! Bruce ! and Bannoekburn !
And therefore do we all revere
Thee ! Harp of Burns, thou ever dear !

Thou liftest Merit's sinking heart,
Thou tell'st him how to bear his part ;
Thou prov'st that Honour, Truth, and Right,
Are able yet to cope with Might !
Thou mak'st the tyrant turn to shame
From heavenly freedom's sacred flame :
And therefore do we all revere
Thee ! Harp of Burns, thou ever dear !

Hail! Harp of Burns! Harp of the North!
Though he is fled who could call forth
The spirit of thy brighter days,
There are who yet will hymn thy praise—
Will of thy matchless glory tell
With glowing hearts—and guard thee well
With souls that shall for aye revere
Thee! Harp of Burns, thou ever dear!

Come, a Song—a Glad Song.

COME, a song—a glad song—while all hearts with
delight,
Like the fixed stars, are beaming around us to-night;
When our faith is so steady, our friendship so strong,
O! who would not join in a soul-stirring song?

Sing on, happy hearts! if your praises should be
Breathed forth for the land of the brave and the
free,
For the Ladies, God bless them! who seldom are
wrong,
Say, "Love's sweetest breath is a soul-melting song."

Sing on, merry hearts! and if auld mother wit
Be the prize you would aim at—the mark you would
hit—
Go bathe your glad souls in the blood of the vine,
Till your hearts overflow with the lays o' langsyne.

Song, song, was the joy of our boyhood's glad time;
Song, song, still shall cheer the proud homes of our
prime;

And when bent with old age, we go hirpling along,
We'll beat time with our crutch to a merry old song.

Then a song—a glad song—while all hearts with
delight,

Like fixed stars, are beaming around us to-night;
When our faith is so steady, our friendship so strong,
O! who would not join in a soul-stirring song?

My Ain Countrie.

Tune—"The Briar Bush." 2

How are ye a' at hame
In my ain countrie?
Are your kind hearts aye the same
In my ain countrie!
Are ye aye as fu' o' glee,
As witty, frank, and free,
As kind's ye used to be,
In my ain countrie?
Oh! a coggie I will fill
To my ain countrie!
Ay, and toom it wi' good will
To my ain countrie!
Here's to a' the folk I ken,
'Mang the lasses and the men,
In ilk canty but-an'-ben
O' my ain countrie!
Heaven watch thou ever o'er
My ain countrie!
Let tyrants never more
Rule my ain countrie!

May her heroes, dear to thee—
The bauld hearts and the free—
Be ready aye to dee
For my ain countrie!

May a blessin' light on a'
In my ain countrie!
Baith the grit folk and the sma',
In my ain countrie!
On whatever sod I kneel,
Heaven knows I ever feel
For the honour and the weal
O' my ain countrie!

The Thistle.

Set to Music by Mr TURNBULL, Glasgow.

HURRAH for the Thistle! the brave Scottish
Thistle,

The evergreen Thistle of Scotland for me!

A fig for the flowers in your lady-built bowers—

The strong-bearded, weel guarded Thistle for me!

'Tis the flower the proud eagle greets in its flight,
When he shadows the stars with the wings of his
might;

'Tis the flower that laughs at the storm as it blows,
For the stronger the tempest the greener it grows!

Hurrah for the Thistle, &c.

Round the love-lighted hames o' our ain native
land—

On the bonneted brow, on the hilt of the brand—

On the face o' the shield, 'mid the shouts of the free,

May the Thistle be seen where the Thistle should
be!

Hurrah for the Thistle, &c.

Hale hearts we ha'e yet to bleed in its cause;
Bold harps we ha'e yet to sound its applause;
How then can it fade, when sic chiels an' sic cheer,
And sae mony braw sprouts o' the Thistle are here?

Then hurrah for the Thistle! the brave Scottish
Thistle,

The evergreen Thistle of Scotland for me!
A fig for the flowers in your lady-built bowers—
The strong bearded, weel guarded Thistle for me!

My Cousin Jean.

“Tune—“When she cam’ ben she bobbit.”

CHORUS.

My Cousin Jean—my Cousin Jean—
A little wild hempie was my Cousin Jean—
For gentle, for semple, she cared nae a preen;
Yet the toast o’ our parish is my Cousin Jean.

I mind her right weel when the cricket was young,
She’d a step like the roe, an’ a glibby gaun tongue,
An’ a’ the schule callants she skelpit them clean,
Sae supple the nieves gat o’ my Cousin Jean.

Whare mischief was brewin’ or devilry wrought,
A lum set a-low, or a tough battle fought,
At the head o’ the foray was sure to be seen
The wild-waving ringlets o’ my Cousin Jean.

O, rade ye to market, or rade ye to fair,
Ye were sure to fa’ in wi’ my daft Cousin there;
Yet the puir an’ the feckless fand her a gude frien’;
They aft emptied the pouches o’ my Cousin Jean.

She helpit the tinklers their dour mules to load,
And followed them miles on the rough muirland
road,
Syne frighted the bairns wi' their wild tales at
e'en;
Weel kent were their cantrips to my Cousin Jean.

But our auld mess John had a Lunnan-bred son,
Wha lang had an e'e after Jean and her fun,
An' he begged but an hour frae his father at e'en
To convert the wild spirit o' my Cousin Jean.

I wat a sweet convert the stripling soon made,
But gif a' wi' his preachin', troth's no to be said;
For precious to him were the dark glancing e'en
Whilk laughed 'neath the arched brows o' my Cousin
Jean.

Young Jean took to reading o' queer printed buiks,
An' wandered at midnight 'mang hay-ricks an'
stooks—

Whilst the college-bred birkie right aften was seen
Pointing out heaven's wonders to my Cousin Jean.

Nae doubt the hale parish was spited to see
Sic a dance in her gait, sic a sang in her e'e;
And ilk auld wife wagered her life to a preen
She wad soon get a down-come—my young Cousin
Jean.

Dumfoundered were a' the hale parish, I trow,
When they saw, the next week, in the minister's pew,
At the young laird's right han'—they could scarce
trust their e'en—

A modest young bride in my wild Cousin Jean.

Now crabbit auld Wisdom should ne'er slight a tree,
Though when it is young it may waver a wee;
In its prime it may flourish the fair forest queen,
For sic was the upshot o' my Cousin Jean.

Betsy Bawn.

Tune—"Blithe, blithe are we."

I LITTLE reck't that restless Love
 Wad e'er disturb my peace again;
I little reck't my heart would prove
 A victim 'neath his galling chain:—
I've bribed him o'er and o'er again,
 And mony a plack, I ween, ha'e drawn,
But a' in vain,—I pine in pain
 For crookit-backit Betsy Bawn.

You've heard o' cheeks o' rosy hue—
 O' breath sweet as the bud's perfume;
You've heard o' e'en whilk dang the dew
 For brightness on the lily's bloom;
You've heard o' waist sae jimp and sma',
 Whilk ye, nae doubt, would like to span;
Far other charms my fancy warms—
 Red goud's my terms wi' Betsy Bawn!

Right sad's the weary wanderer's fate,
 When round him roars the tempest's din,
When howling mastiff at ilk gate
 Keeps a' without, and a' within:

I wot a harder fate they dree
Wha' maun at drouthy distance stan'
Wi' langin' e'e, yet daurna pree
The barley-bree o' Betsy Bawn.

Sweet Love, ye work us meikle ill,
Far mair than we daur sing or say;
And weel ye ken, had I my will,
An hour wi' me you doughtna stay:—
Yet, for the sake o' auld langsyne,
I'll yet forgi'e ye—there's my han'—
Gif wi' ane dart ye pierce her heart,
The flinty part o' Betsy Bawn.

Daft Beauty swears her e'en's like deil's;
Her humphy back is sax times bow't;
Her withered limbs, like twa auld eels,
Are roun' and roun' ilk ither row't.
Let love be crossed wi' spit and host,
A parchment skin, a horny han';—
Her purse is clad, sae I maun wed,
And eke maun bed wi' Betsy Bawn!

Tell Me, Sweet Mary!

“Now tell me, sweet Mary! our gay village pride,
What for sae doon-hearted and thoughtfu’ ye be?
Draw back that lang sigh, and I’ll make ye my bride,
For I’m wae to see tears at sae gentle an e’e.

“Look aboon ye, the sun in its glory is lowin’—
Look around ye, love, a’ is a flowery lea;
Thy light foot is kissed by the wee modest gowan—
Will ye no smile on aught that is smiling to thee?”

“I ken, gentle youth, that a’ Nature looks braw in
Her robe wrought wi’ flowers, and her saft smile
o’ glee;
But look at this leaf that beside me hath fa’en,—
It has fa’en, puir thing, an’s ne’er miss’t frae the
tree;

“O, sae maun I fa, soon, and few will e’er miss me,
My sleep is for aye when I next close my e’e;
But the dew will weep o’er me, and friendly death
bless me,
And the wind through the night will cry, O wae’s
me!

“I ken they look fair, every rose on yon thorn,
Wi’ the innocent wee buds just opening their e’en;
But the rose I like best is a’ blighted and torn,
And o’er its dead blossom the grass it grows green;
Then leave me, youth, leave me; through life’s
flowery lawn,
Gae seek out a maiden more fitting for thee
Oh! what would ye do wi’ a weak trembling han’,
And a poor broken heart that maun lie down an’
dee?”

I Met my Ain Love.

I MET my ain love, like the mirth o' May morn,
When kindly it blinks on the brow o' the brae—
Fair, fragrant, and sweet, as the bloom on the thorn,
And blithe as a lark on a glad summer day;
And oh! when I saw her locks waving sae bright,
Like clouds o' fine gold, floating o'er her saft e'e,
And the modest emotion that lay in its light,
I thought there was something no cannie wi' me:

For I felt my poor heart starting up frae its rest,
Like ane starting out o' a sound, sound sleep;
And it raved up and down through my love-
haunted breast,
Like the row and the swell o' the restless deep.
But, hark! a loud voice, wi' a thundering shout,
Cried,—“Awake, stupid shepherd! for, dinna ye
see,
The best o' the corn's trampled doon wi' your
nowte!”
O, love! will you never gi'e ower cheating me!

Phœbe Graeme.

ARISE, my faithfu' Phœbe Graeme!

I grieve to see ye sit,
Sae laigh upon your creepy stool,
In sic a dorty fit!
A reamin' cog's a wilin' rogue;
But, by our vows sincere,
Ilk smilin' cup, by mirth filled up,
Was drained wi' friends lang dear.

Ye needna turn your tearfu' e'e
Sae aften on the clock;
I ken the short han' frae the lang,
As weel as wiser folk.
Let hoary 'Time, wi' bleth'rin' chime,
Taunt on—nae wit has he!
Nae spell-spun hour, nae wilin' power,
Can win my heart frae thee.

Oh, weel ye ken, dear Phœbe Graeme!
Sin' we, 'maist bairns, wed,
That, torn by poortith's iron teeth,
My heart has afitimes bled:—

Fortune, the jaud, for a' she had,
Doled me but feckless blanks;
But, blessed wi' thee, and love, and glee,
I scorn her partial pranks.

As drumlie clouds o'er summer skies
Let anger's shadows flit,
There's days o' peace, and nights o' joy,
To pass between us yet!
For I do swear to thee, my fair,
Till life's last pulse be o'er,
Till light depart, my faithfu' heart
Shall love thee more and more!

Fair be thy fa', my Phœbe Graeme!
Enraptured now I see
The smile upon thy bonny face,
Whilk wont to welcome me.
Grant me the bliss o' ae fond kiss,
Ae kind forgi'ein' blink
O' thy true love, and I will prove
Far wiser than you think!

The Highland Ferry-Boat.*

How beautiful ye glow, ye Highland hills,
When storms around your hoary temples
sweep;
How beautiful ye are, ye mountain rills,
When murmuring like young lovers in their
sleep;
And now ye dance, and now ye sing and leap,
Like merry childhood on a sunny bae;
Now to a heather bed ye love to creep,
Now with the lightsome lambs ye love to play,
And now ye kiss the flowers, and now ye float
The theme of my rude lay, the Highland Ferry-
Boat.

Oh! 'tis a glad soul-cheering sight, I ween,
To see the happy sunbeams dance, and chase

* This poem was written after having seen a painting by Jacob Thomson bearing the same title; and the seven following pieces were suggested by the respective pictures whose names are inserted after the headings.

The soft rich shadows o'er the varied scene;
Beaming with beauty! like the rosy race
Of merry thoughts upon a lovely face,
Or that soft light that fires the speaking eye,
When young hearts pant with rapture to embrace—

The very soul of joy and harmony!
'Tis sweet, from dizzy cliff or flowery grot,
To hail at dewy dawn the Highland Ferry-Boat!

See what a merry motley group it bears—
The maiden gleaner, and the hunter bold;
From noble head, all white with frosty hairs,
To rosy cheeks and locks of living gold!
Hark! the love-tale in gentle whispers told,
The wit that flies from fun-inspired swain:
The heart to Nature's every charm is cold
Who holds their rustic mirth in proud disdain,
When heart greets heart, and thought is wed to
thought,
When mountain echoes hail the Highland Ferry-
Boat!

Behold yon hardy hero of the sea!
Nursling of tempests and war's wasting toil,
Lo! how he pulls the strong oar lustily,
And sings old Ocean's thrilling songs the
while,
Of mighty Nelson and the glorious Nile!

He pipes aloud, like to a Boreas blast,
And tells how, for old Britain's lovely isle,
He nailed brave Duncan's colours to the mast,
And sponged for thirty years the cannon's
throat,
And how his strong arm built the Highland Ferry-
Boat!

And who is she, with fitful sunny mind
Flashing and dancing on her merry face,
Her wild locks romping with the mountain wind?
'Tis young wild Madge, Queen of the Gipsy
race!
Ho! buy my songs, she cries, of "Chevy Chase,"
Of "Bold Rob Roy," "Kail Brose," or "Robin
Hood!"
Or singeth, with a wild, sweet, native grace,
"Auld Robin Gray," or lilts o' Holyrood,
Of lovely Mary and her mournful lot;
Then crowneth with wild flowers the Highland
Ferry-Boat!

Lo! the dead deer, on patient pony bound,
With glowing hoof to girth, and haunch to
horn,
The red drops dripping from each cruel wound,
By tusk of hound or bramble bristles torn;
And yet his beams of beauty are not shorn—
He looks a king ev'n in the courts of death!

As proud as when he hailed the merry morn,
And drank with joy the singing bugle's breath,
When rushing north winds blew the wildest note,
And hunters hailed with joy the Highland Ferry-
Boat!

And who is he with Highland features stern,
With philabeg, broadsword, and bonnet blue,
Breaking the slumbers of the mountain cairn?
'Tis our brave piper, hardy Donald Dhu!
He feels his father fought at Waterloo!
This truth his swelling temples fast proclaim,
And now his high pulse beats to Scotland's glory
true,
And now his Highland blood is all on flame!
Well done! well done, brave Donald! noble
Scot!
Rings like a tempest through the Highland Ferry-
Boat!

Ye wild-winged lightnings, ye are glorious
things!
When mighty thunders roll the hills around,
When Fancy free on eagle-pinion springs,
When glad souls blend with every sight and
sound,
When Nature's hand with flowery chains hath
bound
The glowing soul, the generous heart, to her,

When low upon our native mountain ground
We kneel and pray, a willing worshipper !
'Tis then with joy we see, with pride we note,
And hail with dancing heart the Highland Ferry-
Boat !

Thou art Terrible, O War!

"War"—Edwin Landseer, R.S.A.

THOU art terrible, O War!
Like simooms on their way,
Thou strik'st the trembling earth
With terror and dismay.
Fast fall beneath thy sword
Faith, Hope, Love, Truth, and Trust;
And the image of the Lord
Is trampled in the dust.

Thou art terrible, O War!

Thou art terrible, O War!
The slayer mounts his steed,
But, lo! a stronger arm
Hath struck him in his speed.
The fiery steed is low,
The rider overthrown;
The trumpet crushed and mute—
May it never more be blown!

Thou art terrible, O War!

Thou art terrible O War!
A glorious city stands,
The work of noble hearts,
The work of cunning hands.
Thou comest like a cloud
Between it and the sun,
And in that dread eclipse
What horrid work is done!
Thou art terrible, O War!

Thou art terrible, O War!
The death-mist doth arise—
Then, oh! the sick'ning sights,
Then, oh! the piercing cries.
No eye without a tear;
No breast without a wound;
And every household god
Broken, shattered all around!
Thou art terrible, O War!

Thou art terrible, O War!
We see the roof-tree fall,
We see the blood-stained hearth,
We see the crumbling wall—
The grey hairs of the sire
The threshold scattered o'er—
The maiden's praying lips,
Deep stained with kindred gore.
Thou art terrible, O War!

Thou art terrible, O War!
Where'er thy pinions sweep,
The ploughman leaves his plough,
The shepherd leaves his sheep,
The maiden's lay of love
Is hushed beside the rills,
The flocks forsake the plains,
The wild-deer flee the hills!
Thou art terrible, O War!

Thou art terrible, O War!
How long, O Man, how long,
Shall the helpless and the weak
Be slaughtered by the strong?
If ye would not that your names
Be writ on running brooks,
Beat your spears to bright ploughshares,
Your swords to pruning-hooks!
Thou art terrible, O War!

Thou art Beautiful, O Peace!

"Peace"—Edwin Landseer, R.S.A.

THOU art beautiful, O Peace!
Thou com'st like summer beams,
Like the glad golden horn
Of Plenty, on our dreams.
Lift up thy holy voice,
It may not be in vain;
The Earth's bright page—the golden age—
May glad the world again.
Let us love—love on!

Thou art beautiful, O Peace!
Earth spreads a teeming store,
With brighter hopes of heaven;
Vain man, what would ye more?
Away with wasting War,
Away with ruffian might,
A brother's hand, without a brand,
Can guard a brother's right!
Let us love—love on!

Thou art beautiful, O Peace!
Each living scene we see,
All pant for Love's embrace,
All sigh for harmony!
The glorious, glorious sun,
Each heaven-lighted star,
And every flower, in beauty's bower,
Cries out, "No war! No war!"
Let us love—love on!

Thou art beautiful, O Peace!
Thy bright idea brings
Girls with rosy garlands,
Birds with golden wings,
Bees with honey treasures,
Lambkins crowned with flowers,
The breath of May, the roundelay
Of love in summer bowers.
Let us love—love on!

Thou art beautiful, O Peace!
The morning's merry light,
The lusty looks of noon,
The starry eyes of night,
The sunny side of Hope
When Mercy sheds a tear!
Love's holy flame—all, all proclaim
Thy glowing footsteps near.
Let us love—love on!

Thou art beautiful, O Peace!
The hour is coming fast
When the Earth no more shall start
At the war-trumpet's blast,
When every man shall sit
Beneath his own fig-tree,
Content in mind that all mankind
Are brothers—let it be!
Let us love—love on!

The Banks of Tay.

"The Tay"—D. O. Hill, R.S.A.

LIKE Memory's dream of boyhood days,
Like a joy that lasts for ever,
Like lover's walks through rosy ways,
Thou art to my soul, glad river!
Glory be to God, the giver
Of gifts so full of majesty!
Sweet stream! no earthly scene may sever
The spell that binds my soul to thee!
Let summer joys light on the lay
Love weaves upon the Banks of Tay!

How beautiful thy kindred floods,
Thy dreamy lakes, thy silver rills,
Thy broom-clad banks, thy mighty woods,
Thy glens and everlasting hills!
Thine is the witchery that thrills
The heart with love—the hope that cheers!
The harmony of morn that fills
The soul with mirth—the eyes with tears!
Let summer joys light on the lay
Love weaves upon the Banks of Tay!

The golden castle built on air,
In boyhood's dreams, with glory blushing,
The wild race with the startled hare,
The youthful cheek with ripe health flushing,
The flood of life with rapture gushing,
Threading the wild wood's leafy maze,
With naked feet the wild flowers crushing,
Climbing the blithe blue berry braes—
These are the charms that fill the lay
Love weaves upon the Banks o' Tay!

The mower's scythe, the clover heap,
"The sleepless isle," the blooming vales,
The herd's loud horn on rocky steep,
The milkmaid's song o'er polished pails,
The schoolboy's prayer for favouring gales,
When, with the seaman's hearty glee,
With willow masts and paper sails,
He sends his tiny bark to sea—
These are the charms which crown the lay
Love weaves upon the banks o' Tay!

Ye pine-clad cliffs, ye dewy lawns,
Ye bowers, for love's fond musings made,
Ye waving woods around Kinfauns,
Ye blending joys of life and shade,
Ye birds that thrill the leafy glade,
Ye springs that from the rent rocks flow,

Ye plains, in summer pride arrayed,
Ye vernal winds that softly blow—
Blend all your beauties with the lay
Love weaves upon the banks o' Tay!

Here the "Red Rover" reared his tower,
Here beauty still adorns decay,
Here true love built the bonny bower
Of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray!
Here Scotland's wild harp gushingly
Poured forth her songs to hail the free!
Here glory crowned with victory
The matchless Knight of Ellerslie!
The hero's garland crowns the lay
Love weaves upon the Banks o' Tay!

Say hast thou marked the midnight skies
Watering her flowers, the stars of night?
Or, trembling, turned from Beauty's eyes,
As from a sun that shines too bright?
Yet in those lines of holy light
Ye love to bathe heart, breast, and brow,
Till visions burn before thy sight
The muse-wrapt soul can only know.
These are the charms that crown the lay
Love weaves upon the Banks o' Tay!

The joys of such a scene to prove,
Oh! give the young blood room to play!

With lays of home and chains of love,
Oh! charm the ear and bind the clay,
And give the soul its liberty!
Let Fancy feed on rosy air,
And fly with joy, at dawn of day,
To deck Aurora's golden hair;
Let summer sweets adorn the lay
Love weaves upon the Banks o' Tay!

Lo! gazing on thy face so fair,
We deem thou art a glory given
To cheer the soul when clouds of care
Athwart the troubled heart are driven.
When Fancy's wing drops rent and riven,
When Hope can boast no morning beams,
Glad thoughts of thee, like hues of Heaven,
Again light up our wintry dreams,
And crown with flowers the summer lay
Love weaves upon the Banks o' Tay!

Hail, lovely stream! like music flowing;
No wonder thou art dear to me—
Thy bosom, like a mirror glowing,
Gave back my smiles of infancy,
When fairy worlds were seen in thee,
When youth's full tide was heaving high,
Glad as the glorious hour when "See!
The Tiber!" was the Romans' cry.
These are the charms which crown the lay
Love weaves upon the Banks o' Tay!

When cherry lips to thine were pressed,
Reflection gavé each dainty hue;
Like rosebud's shadow on thy breast,
The ruddy glory trembled through!
The woodland doves that o'er thee flew
Oft left with joy their sunny sphere,
To fold their silver wings and woo
Their marrows in thy waters clear!
These are the charms that crown the lay
Love weaves upon the Banks o' Tay!

Oh! blessed be the glorious art,
The Painter's magic touch, that brings,
Like Joy's full flood upon the heart,
The holy hues of heavenly things!
Lo! where the lonely fisher flings
The fly to woo the finny treasure!
From fragrant bowers, where beauty sings,
Where reapers tread a merry measure,
I send, dear Hill, the rustic lay
Love weaves upon the Banks o' Tay!

Sunset.

"Gare Loch, Sunset"—D. O. Hill, R.S.A.

THE lord of light departs—the day is dying,
The soft hour weeps, the gentle winds are sigh-
ing—

His farewell glances glow like heavenly gleams
Of angels' dreams.

The sun descends; the golden clouds on high,
Watching that darkness may not see him die,
Spread out their wings to shield his fading light
From hues of night.

The sun descends; let every glad soul glow
With boundless gratitude and joy, for, lo!
Like parting love upon a dewy hill,
He lingers still.

The sun descends in majesty and might;
All glory be unto his last good night—
All glory to the race that thou hast run,
Bright blessed sun!

What heavenly draughts of glory drinks
The lovely Gare Loch, where he sinks;
How sweet the trembling, parting smile
Upon the mountains of Loch Goyle;
Warming with a mellow glow
Arrochar and dark Glen Croe.
How soft the tints of harmony
That blend on Ardenconnel-lee;
How richly varied glows the scene,
Where towers the far-famed bowling-
green;
How fragrant sweet the rosy wreath
That beauty twines by fair Roseneath!
Longs thy soul to prove the power,
The softness of the sunset hour?
Climb good MacCallum More's high tower;
Here give thy heart up to the grand
And beautiful of this fair land,
When to see the sight sublime,
The stars come forth before their time.
All glory to the sunset hour,
All glory to the heavenly boon;
All glory to the hour between
The setting sun and rising moon.

Hour for binding friendship's ties,
Hours for tears and gentle sighs;
Hour of rest for weary limbs,
Hour for prayer and holy hymns;
Hour all other hours above,
To give the soul to souls we love;
Hour that leads the shepherd through
Clover fields all gemmed with dew,
When on the hill he blows his last,
Loud, thrilling, wild, and wailing blast;
Hour when the streams, that stray among
The wild flowers, sing their sweetest song,
 Sighing when the west winds sigheth—
 Sigheth soft and sadly sweet—
 When the little ripple dieth
 At the water-lily's feet.

Hour the fairies flee their cells,
To sound their horns and blow their bells,
Or cross the lake in pearly shells,
Or light their lamps in dreary dells;
Hour the fays, mischievous things,
Fly to tear the golden wings
Of butterflies, that dare to play
Beside them on the moon's pale ray,
Or cut with glee the silver strings
Of spiders' webs by haunted springs;
Hour the glowing fancy brings
The fire of youth's imaginings—

When every pulse beat pure and warm,
When every sight and sound could charm;
Sweet song in all the winds that blew,
Fair fruit on all the trees that grew;
When earth seemed all a fairy land,
Bright glittering gold the rich sea sand,
Ships living things that glided by,
The mountains pathways to the sky,
And the thunder's mighty roll
The voice of Him who rules the whole.

Hour when sorrow's tearful eyes
Are turned for comfort to the skies;
When the evening foldeth up
A dew drop in each lily cup,
When the daisy goes to rest
With a diamond in its breast;
When the milkmaid rests awhile
The polished pail on mossy stile;
When sweetly glows her gentle breast,
While gazing on the burning west,
List'ning the song that fond hope sings
Of summer wreaths and wedding rings,
Of rustic joys in calm retreat,
Of infant prattlers at her feet,
Of garlands wove by fingers small,
And sweet contentment crowning all!
Thou glowing soul, thou leaping heart,
Glad eyes that see the sun depart,

Praise ye, in this sweet sunset hour,
The God of goodness, love, and power,
That the kingdom may be thine,
Where burning suns eternal shine!

Land of Burns.

"Valley of the Nith"—D. O. Hill, R.S.A.

"Above the scaur on the river, towards the right middle-distance, is Burns's Farm-house of Ellisland, and the walk near it where he composed 'Tam o' Shanter.'"

SWEET "Valley of the Nith!" and can we prove,
By gazing on the canvass—magic space!
The glorious charms of hill, and wood, and grove,
And the rich beauties of thy beaming face?
How the soul glows with gratitude and love,
The living tints of such a scene to trace!
And still the eye will turn from mountain grand,
To rest on "winding Nith" and Burns's Ellisland!

Lo! here we look upon the laughing earth,
And deem we hear the reapers' shouts of glee,—
In fancy listen to the genial mirth
Bursting from Nature's minstrels, bird and bee!

Here Tam o' Shanter's glorious dream had birth,
Immortal vision, hail!—and here we see
Fields, flowers, woods, waters, blent with glad sun-
shine,
Whilst the soul, dreaming, drinks sweet melody
divine.

Thanks to the Painter and his glorious Art!
Who gave, to cheer the soul, so fair a sight,
Where genius, love, and beauty gives a part,
To form a glowing landscape of delight!
And cold, indeed, must be the Scottish heart,
Dull as the dead, and dismal as the night,
That does not thrill, and leap, and glow by turns,
Whilst gazing on the land—the glorious "Land of
Burns!"

The Monk's Vision.

"The Belated Friar"—Jos. Noel Paton, R.S.A.

By Yarrow's deep romantic flood,
An ancient monastery stood—
St Cuthbert hight. The tempest's din
Lang kept the monks their walls within;
The turrets, tumblin' frae the towers,
Struck dumb the bell whilk tauld the hours;
Their flocks had fled, their birds were mute,
Their trees stripped o' their golden fruit;
The lichtnin' flashed on bars and grates,
The thunder rattled at their gates,
An' wan an' wae their hungry looks
On empty jugs and fleshless hooks.
At length outspake ane jolly friar,
Wi' mighty paunch an' e'e o' fire:
"Our hams," quo' he, "are to the bone,
Of pig or poultry have we none;
Nae crumpy cake, nae liquid cheer,
Nae fat o' ram, nae haunch o' deer;

Ho! brothers, up, a greater fault—
There's no wine in the penance vault;
An' milk and water, when we dine,
Was ne'er a drink o' yours or mine.
Now who hath soul eneuch," quo' he,
"To find St Mary's hostelrie?
We know him well, a wealthy host,
He knoweth us, and to his cost;
With form and bulk like to a tun,
With face like to the rising sun,
Ane honest thrifty dame has he;
Fair daughters like the Graces three;
Pray God that they this night may be
Sisters to us of charity."

Amang them was ane merry monk,
Whose soul to sorrow ne'er had sunk:
"Brother," quo' he, "as ye desire,
I'll go through wind, an' hail, an' fire,
For comfort to thy belly-god,
Tho' Satan's legions line the road."

But e'er he found this hostelrie,
A weary wicht, I ween, was he.
Against the tempest's howling blast
Window and door were firm and fast.

"Open," quo' he; "ane holy friar
Standeth in need of food and fire;

Ho! open, ere the evil eye,
With withering glance, kills sheep and kye,
Ere the wild lightnings, as they play,
Strike the strong bolts that bar my way."

The gates flew open wide, and lo!
How gloriously the hearth did glow;
The fat host smiled his sweetest smile,
The hostess filled his cup the while,
The daughters fair, like sirens three,
Chaunted richt sweet and tenderlie.
At length he rose in solemn state,
Smoothing down his shining pate:
"Behold," quo' he, "that mighty sack,
Whilk I have thrown from off my back,
If thou would'st that thy heavy score
Of sins should trouble thee no more,
Put offerings in, a goodly store;
Swath, sinners, whilst I count them o'er.
For every folly wild an' loose,
Put thou in ane good fat goose;
For silly scandal, spleen, or spite,
Put in ane cheese richt hard and white;
For jeer or jest on holy men,
Put thou in the plumpest hen;
For stolen kiss behind the door,
Of capons put thou in a score;
And for a black or a white lie,
A pig, the fattest in your stye."

All glad to see his saintly back,
Richt willingly they filled his sack;
With pigs' feet o'er his shoulders hung,
With bottles at his hurdies hung,
From feast and frolic, love and light,
He plunged into the darkest night;
So bright the blaze he left behind,
The sudden darkness struck him blind;
Then took deep draughts of mountain dew,
To clear the mist he struggled through.
Staggering by the foaming floods,
Foundering through the dismal woods,
Tottering on the rock's high ridge,
Rocking on the trembling bridge;
"By all the saints," quo' he, "this sack
Sits like ane mountain on my back;
And by this blessed cross and stile,
Methinks 'twere well to rest awhile."

Now, after potions deep and strong,
His vision must be told in song.
Lo! from out a dismal cloud,
Like a spirit from a shroud,
The lovely moon did glowing rise,
He never saw her such a size;
Never did his eyes behold
Around her robes so much fine gold,
Never in her face did see
Such gladd'ning glowing witchery.

Like diamonds on the green grass sprinkled,
Before his auld e'en, glowed and twinkled
Each laughing little dewdrop, whilk
Glittered like spangles sewed on silk ;
With silver blossoms glowed the bushes,
All filled with singing larks and thrushes,
Pouring sweet from every tree
The very heart o' harmony ;
Fairest of female forms were there,
With snow-white robes as thin as air ;
With loving looks an' angel grace,
They gazed into his shining face ;
He saw them near, he heard them speak,
He felt their breath upon his cheek ;
Bright laughing eyes—grey, black, and blue—
Did pierce his auld heart through and through,
Whilst his soul enraptured hung
O'er the songs the sirens sung:—
“ Holy friar, come and prove
With us all dainties that you love ;
Our land doth flow with milk and honey,
We ask no labour, want no money ;
A merry world shall be thine,
A world of frolic, wit, and wine.”

“ Then,” quoth the friar, “ may I ask
Your goddess-ships to taste my flask ;”
Then in his warm devotion swore
That old St Cuthbert was ane bore,

A soulless sot, a very ass,
That could despise a loving lass—
Could banish from his holy shrine
Their faces sweet and forms divine.
Then suddenly he heard a sound
Of instruments that rung around;
And then there came a minstrel band
To lead him to the promised land,
All richly clad in gold and green,
So fair a group was never seen.
“By all the blessed saints,” quo’ he,
“Ye are a glorious companie.”

Ane played upon ane crookit horn,
Whilk frae a ram was newly torn,
When the shepherd went to sleep,
Leaving the fays his flock to keep;
And when a merry blast blew he,
His cheeks swelled out richt lustily.
Ane beat upon ane tiny drum,
Of gossamer the skin, and some
A queer auld warld din did mak’,
By thumpin’ on ane beetle’s back;
Whilst sweetly, sweetly to the ear
Rung music bells, and you might hear
Glad sounding cymbals far and near.

Dumfounded was the friar, I ween,
With the strange bewitching scene;

Slow breaking from the spell that bound him,
He found deep darkness all around him;
Although his ribs were like to crack,
Still on he toiled beneath his sack;
And now he sees a cheering licht,
Before him burning wond'rous bricht,
And he who bore it Cupid seemed,
So wilin' sweet his features beamed.
Sae licht his steps where'er he went,
The tender reeds they never bent,
But fell as soft as sunny glint
On summer flowers, and left nae print;
Whilst ever and anon cried he,
"Come, holy friar, follow me."

Onward went the wond'rous licht,
Onward went the foundering wicht,
Onward on, through fens and fogs,
Onward on, 'mang toads an' frogs,
Till, near a poisoned hemlock bank,
O'er head and ears he foundering sank,
O'er head and ears; but this bold friar
Had ane red nose whilk glowed like fire.
Like burning brand within them flung,
The stagnant waters hissed and sung;
And still, as deeper foundered he,
The water-kelpie screamed wi' glee,
Then in a moss-hole plunged his licht,
And left the friar in blackest night.

Now, ere your sore-taxed patience fail,
Listen the moral of the tale:
When on this gem of art you gaze,
To Paton give your warmest praise;
And wish him health an' length o' days,
To charm his friends and wear his bays.
Ever when the head is clear,
Shape the course you mean to steer;
Be nae winebibbing sot, nor gi'e
Thy soul, God's gift, to gluttonie;
Though bright her eyes and fair her skin,
Give not up thy soul to sin.
And when you meet wi' cronies dear,
Let prudence aye pour out the cheer,
And dinna sit till o'er your toddy
Ye see twa heads upon ae body,
Lest ye should dree, wi' troubles dire,
The fate of the belated friar.

The Auld Grayfriars' Kirkyard.

"Past and Present"—George Harvey, R.S.A.

THE Auld Grayfriars'! oh, the Auld Grayfriars'!
The restin'-place o' our brave forebears;
Oh! mony a het shower o' heart-scaldin' tears
Has watered the grass o' the Auld Grayfriars'.

The Auld Grayfriars'! say, why do we love
The haunts o' the dead that our fears might move,
But that sweet dreams o' rest frae care often cheers
The wae-worn wicht in the Auld Grayfriars'?

The Auld Grayfriars'! here in peace repose
The banes o' the bauld wha in lifetime were foes;
But what reck they noo o' the clash o' spears,
Or the trumpet's loud blast in the Auld Grayfriars'?

The Auld Grayfriars'! here the braw young bride,
Wi' her winsome marrow, sleeps side by side;
Here the lone widow weeps whilst dreamin' she hears
The voice o' the lost in the Auld Grayfriars'.

The Auld Grayfriers'! here the beggar lies doon
Wi' the lords o' the earth, wi' wealth an' renown;
But statesmen an' starvelin', peasants an' peers,
Are a' equals noo in the Auld Grayfriers'.

The Auld Grayfriers'! on the laigh head-stanes,
Auld Time rests his scythe an' his twa cross-banes;
But the tale o' the sleepers frae earth disappears,
'Mang the tumblin' tombs o' the Auld Grayfriers'.

The Auld Grayfriers'! here childhood will play
On the brow o' the grave, on the breast o' decay,
As thoughtless an' blithe as the daisy that rears
Its head to the sun in the Auld Grayfriers'.

The Auld Grayfriers'! here famed Ramsay sleeps—
Here the Muse o'er her ain "Gentle Shepherd"
still weeps;
His form in our day-dreams right aften appears,
Wi' his sweet Scottish harp, in the Auld Grayfriers'.

The Auld Grayfriers'! frail mankind, alas!
Still fa' on thy bosom like dry withered grass!
Yet thousands will soar to their heavenly spheres,
Frae their sound, sound sleep in the Auld Grayfriers'.

The Auld Grayfriers'! come, raise we the song
To the martyrs of old who in battle were strong;
Who aft, wi' the headsman's wild voice in their ears,
Blew the trump o' the Lord in the Auld Grayfriers'.

The Auld Grayfriers' ! oh, the Auld Grayfriers' !
The restin'-place o' our brave forebears ;
Oh, mony a het shower o' heart-scaldin' tears
Has watered the grass o' the Auld Grayfriers'.

The Grave of Burns.

THE loud voice of a stormy e'en
Came raving to our cottage pane;
The cottar bodies closed their een
 In sleep, to shun
Dreigh sights, that they a' day had seen
 Deface the sun.

Unmindfu' o' the raging blast—
Though heaven to earth was fa'in' fast—
O'er hill, an' heath, an' field I passed,
 By eerie turns,
To view the dark—the lone—the last
 Abode of Burns.

The grave of Burns! a throne of state!
Revered, though mouldering desolate!
I cursed fell poortith's hapless fate
 And quick decay,
As musing on the "furrow's weight"
 That o'er him lay.

His morn of life in darkness rose,
But darker still its dreary close;
I' the space between, unnumbered woes
 Were on him hurled;
Yet, from his darkness, light arose
 That glads the world.

O, matchless Burns! that I'd been livin'
When the power of sang to thee was given,
And seen, when misery mad had riven
 Thy manly form,
Thy soul, the undying gift of Heaven,
 Defy the storm!

Or seen thee in a calmer hour,
When o'er thee bent the blooming bower;
Or gazing on the crimson flower,
 The daisy fair,
And heard thee bless the Almighty power
 Who placed it there:

Or seen thee, in a lonely shade,
Fast wrapping in thy rustic plaid
Thy Mary—dear departed maid!—
 In fond embrace,
And marked the game fond passion played
 Upon thy face:

Or seen thee, in thine hour o' glee,
Wild, bold, and witty, frank and free,
Keen joining on the flowery lea
 The rustic dance,
And watchin' frae Jean's lowin' e'e
 Love's kindlin' glance!

Or seen thee by the ingle-nook,
When wi' thy jest the biggin' shook;
Or stalkin' by the oaten stook,
 Frae man afar,
When heavenward went thy passionate look
 To the "lingerin' star."

Many are they who would aspire
To wake again thy sleeping lyre,
Wasting their breath to blow a fire,
 To burn like thine;
But black I see them all expire
 Before thy shrine!

Burns! might I live again to see
A bard among us like to thee,
My heart's best thanks I glad would gi'e
 To God, the giver—
Then in contentment close my e'e,
 To sleep for ever.

Katie Kent.

Æ market day I gat acquent,
Wi' bonny, witty, Katie Kent:
The bargain made, to kirk we went—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Young Katie Kent was fair and fine,
Her cheeks, her lips, like cherry wine,
Her skin like silk, her shape divine—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

But Katie was nae lang wi' me,
When, wae's my heart! I weel could see
She dearly lo'ed the barley bree—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Katie Kent refused in ire
To file her feet within my byre,
Flung pail and creepie i' the fire—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

At length Kate thought it nae great sin
To sit and drink till she gat blin',
Syne gar me flee to save my skin—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Yon auld bowed pair o' rusty tangs,
Whilk o'er my head like terror hangs,
Could whisper something o' my wrangs—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Ae windy, weety, winter night,
Young Kate lay fou,—a fearfu' sight,—
I roused her up wi' a' my might—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Necessity has but ae law,
I streekit Kate amang the snaw,
Her cutty sark her covering a'!—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

When Katie felt the keen nor'-win',
She screamed, aboon the tempest's din,
"Get up thou knave, and let me in"—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

"Na, na!" quo' I, wi' voice sae bauld,
"Ye've aften made me thole the cauld,
Aft turned me out baith house and hauld—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

“ Thrice ye’ve drunk my hinmost plack,
Thrice ye’ve stript my bed and back,
Thrice ye’ve brought my house to wrack—
Whistle o’er the lave o’t.

“ Sae now, my winsome, bonny bride,
Ye’re young yet, and the world’s wide,
Then pack ! for here ye sha’na bide ”—
Whistle o’er the lave o’t.

Wild blew the blast—quo’ Kate, “ I swear,
I’ll never touch the pint-stoup mair,
I’ll mak’ your comfort a’ my care—
Whistle o’er the lave o’t.

“ I’ll never drink in borough toun,
I’ll never ca’ ye cuckold loon,
I’ll never vow to crack your crown—
Whistle o’er the lave o’t.

“ I’ll never be whar I hae been,
Wi’ drunken Meg or wanton Jean,
Wha bade me tear out baith your een—
Whistle o’er the lave o’t.

“ I’ll muck the byre, I’ll milk the kye,
I’ll feed the pigs, I’ll clean the sty,
I’ll mak’ and mend your breeks forbye ”—
Whistle o’er the lave o’t.

✱

The storm still raged, her sabbin' sair
My yielding heart could thole nae mair,
Sae in I brought my frozen fair—

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Kate droopit like a dead snaw-flower,
Or like a tempest-beaten tower,
Or Lot's wife in her first saut hour—

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

It cured her, haith! sour discontent
Has fled the face of Katie Kent,
Her mind's on hamely pleasures bent—

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

A sang's a sang, tho' little's in't,
Tho' rude the picture, ae wee tint
May gie a chield a gentle hint
To tame a thrawart spousie.

For let the case be ne'er sae bad,
She rampant de'il, or march-hare mad,
'Tis in man's power to mak' the jade
As tame's a girnel mousie!

The Cuttar.

BAITH wat and weary frae the plough,
I daundered hame yestreen,
Dashing the sweat frae aff my brow,
Whar care's deep furrs are seen;
To muse upon a lonely cot,
A kist o' a' coin clean,
And coming poortith's bitter lot,
Fu' cross gat I, I ween.

My Mary met me at our door,
But gane was a' her glee,
For when she saw me sad and sour,
She ne'er could happy be.
I kent her heart was sair the while,
Tho' blithe she tried to be—
The same kind love that made her smile
Brought tears to her fond e'e.

She wrung my plaid—my clouted shoon
She hung ayont the fire,
She filled my cog when a' was dune;
What mair could man desire?

And when she saw me pleased a wee,
As bleezed the ingle low,
“Gudeman,” quo’ she, “tho’ poor we be,
There’s thousands waur, I trow:

“What tho’ the want o’ warld’s gear
Is still the fate ye dree;
What tho’ the howden breeks ye wear
Ha’e clouts on ilka knee;
What tho’ your doublet, too, I fear,
Fu’ fast be leaving thee?
Thy canty smile, thy heart sincere,
Is gowd enough for me.

“I mind when, like twa summer birds,
We mated, warm and young,
And weel I mind the hinny words
That drappit frae your tongue;
When in our hours o’ raptures past
Ye aften vowed to me,
That fell misfortune’s wildest blast
Would never daunton thee.

“I ken our day’s a wee thing dark,
Yet love blinks on our way;
And love can work the hardest wark,
And climb the steepest brae!
We baith are blessed wi’ cheerfu’ health—
What thousands canna say—
And noo, when love is a’ our wealth,
Oh dinna let it gae.”

I kissed my Mary's glowin' cheek,
I clasped her to my breast,
And tho' the poor thing couldna speak,
Her looks her love confessed.
I turned me to the starry lifts,
And fervently did swear,
That fortune's favours, frowns, and gifts,
Should wreck my peace nae mair.

My Hamely Muse.

“MY Hamely Muse—poor thoughtless thing—
Come here, and tell to me
Where ye ha’e lang been wandering—
Why tears are in thine e’e—
And why thy wild harp’s sweetest string
Has tint its melodie?

“I’ve sworn thou wert a vision sweet
For angels’ happy dreams;
I’ve sworn thou hadst a voice as sweet
As Babel’s murmuring streams;
I’ve aften sworn thy gentle feet
Were like twa sunny beams;

“I’ve sworn thy fair, thy lofty brow,
Glowed like the starry skies!
I’ve sworn thy silken boddice blue
Was wove with heavenly dyes;
And that every other maid I knew
Was worthless in my eyes.

“I’ve sworn”—“Haud, haud thy wicked tongue,
Crammed fu’ o’ flattering lays;
The like in head was never hung
Since Adam first wore claes—
For a’ ye’ve said, for a’ ye’ve sung,
I wadna gi’e twa straes.

“D’ye mind when ye my haunts forsook,
Wi’ swaggering coofs to dine?
When ye left the healthy siller brook
To quaff the rosy wine?
When ye thought, poor fool! their every look
And every word divine?

“I saw your doublet tattered bare,
I saw your humble biggin’
Laid open to the wintry air,
Wi’ ruin on the riggin’!
When ye was aff to Folly’s fair,
Wi’ other jades colleaguin’.

“And when I saw your kirn was dry,
Your pouches clean o’ pelf,
Hams vanished frae ilk rafter high,
The bannocks frae ilk shelf,
’Tis e’en high time for me, thinks I,
To turn an e’e to self.

“ But gif ye promise me to hain
Henceforth your sair-won gear,
And never fiery goblets drain,
But quaff my hamely cheer—
See! there’s my hand, we’ll meet again,
Ere the hills meet—take nae fear.”

New Year's Day Morning.

A' YE wha judge by Scotia's mood
O' wise reserve—think she is proud,
An' hard o' heart, an' cauld o' bluid,
 An' dull an' dour,
Baith scrimp o' claes an' scant o' food,
 As proud's she's poor—

Harken my sang, an' eke believe it,
An' gif ye dinna see't, conceive it—
Her coggie fu' o' strong Glenlivet,
 Heart-warmin' cheer!
See how it reamin' reeks, an' grieve that
 Ye are nae here.

Behold ilk canty bleezin' hearth,
The honest hame o' social mirth,
This night nor cauld, nor care, nor dearth,
 Ye'll fin' within it.
But pleasures startin' bright to birth
 Wi' ilka minute.

Hark! how grane the laden presses;
Hark! how the tables reel wi' glasses;
Hark! how the gabs o' bonnie lasses
 (A' buskit gay)
Blab out their sweetest words to bless us
 On New Year's Day!

See, on the snow-white linen spread,
The curran-bun, the crump short-bread;
See how the auld man takes the lead
 To toom his cappie,
While gudewife owns her heart is glad
 To see a' happy.

Even the bairns, light-hearted things,
Rin rantin' round in roaring rings,
For weel they ken the First-fit brings
 'Them a' their fair'ns;
Nae ferlie—as the auld bird sings,
 The young ane learns.

Noo for a sang they loudly ca',
Gi'e's "A' the airts the win' can blaw,"
Or, "Gloomy winter's now awa'," A glorious sang.
Or, up wi' "Willie waur them a'," The hale night lang.

But, hark! the hour o' twall has rung,
An' thousands to their feet ha'e sprung,
Wi' bottles o'er their hurdies hung,
Fu' strong an' clear,
While bursts frae every merry tongue,
"A guid New Year!"

Then starts the welkin wi' the yell,
Frae street to street the echoes swell;
I've even heard the Tron Kirk bell,
Without a lee,
Reel i' the spire, and ring itsel',
Wi' perfect glee!

Now cauld, an' care, an' spite, an' spleen,
Are banished a'—nought's to be seen
But blooming cheeks, an' glancin' een,
An' ither charms;
While love greets love, an' frien' greets frien'
Wi' open arms.

I dinna doubt, throughout the toun,
Ye'll aiblins fin' some drunken loon,
Swath i' the gutter, sleepin' soun',
Like a dead post,
Wi' broken bottle, crackit croun,
An' liquor lost;

I dinna doubt, some auld fishwife
May draw, in wrath, her oyster-knife,
Roarin' fell vengeance on the life
 O' some daft chiel,
Wha, in the lassie-kissin' strife,
 Upsets her creel.

But angry fishwife, drunken wight,
Or lantern plundered o' its light,
Or ony ither unco sight
 We hap to see,
Form shades to show the beams mair bright
 O' harmonie!

O, thou great Power! who bath command
Of heaven an' earth, stretch forth thy hand,
Bless and protect my native land
 Frae every harm!
Keep sharp her right-defending brand—
 Keep strong her arm!

Her freedom grows where first it grew;
Still laurels twine around her brow;
Still patriot-blood leaps warm through
 Her every vein:
Still proudly waves her bonnet blue,
 Without a stain.

Keep her dear daughters ever kind,
As fair in form as pure in mind !
Fill them wi' love whom we're inclined
 This night to chat wi' !
As for her sons, their foes will find
 'They're no to prat wi' !

Sic are the prayers, the charms, the cheer,
With which we welcome hame ilk year ;
I've thousands round me who can swear
 Til't every letter,
Though Tam the Rhymer be nae here
 To sing it better.

Major Weir.

“SIT down, my frien’, an’ let us hear,
’Bout this bauld birkie, Major Weir!
Whose deelish tricks, and cantrips queer,
Baith grave and gay,
Ance held Auld Reekie’s bairns asteen
For mony a day.”

“Some thought that Weir was Nick himsel’,
Who, wearied wi’ the yelp and yell
O’ sinners, since the hour he fell,
Left his het spheres,
Amang the sons of men to dwell,
A few cule years.

“Ye ken the crookit auld West Bow,
Fell scene o’ mony a warlike row,
Where Porteous through a tight-tied tow
Breathed his last breath,
And hunders dee’d to spread the low,
O’ the Covenant’s faith.

“There Weir was perched sax storeys high,
Like hoolet roosted in the sky;
But blasted was the prying eye,
 Wi’ brimstane glauwers,
Who daured attempt ower near to spy
 His hidden chaumers.

“Weir had a thousand wee black Satans,
Whilk ran about his house like rattans,
Dancin’, like wud, in red-het pattens,
 Auld Clouty’s reels;
Weir’s evenin’ hymn and mornin’ matins
 Their eldrich squeels.

“Weir’s auld witched kirn was ever churnin’,
Weir’s kitchen fire was ever burnin’,
Weir’s lang steel spit was ever turnin’
 A wild-fowl’s breast in;
But mony a hungry heart was mournin’,
 When Weir sat feastin’.

“Weir’s brimstone-coloured drinking glasses,
At his command loup’t frae their presses;
The platters in the rack’s recesses
 His voice obeyed;
And fearfu’ were the daily messes
 The Major made.

“ Weir had a siller-headed stick,
A present frae his frien', Auld Nick,
To whom Weir freely gave on tick
His restless saul,
And eke his wicked banes to pick,
When's corpse was caul'.

“ This strange auld staff, sae buirdly boukit,
Tho' ae day straight, the ither crookit,
Washed a' his claes, his victuals cookit,
Wi' wondrous slight,
And after a' his comforts lookit,
Baith day and night.

“ Weir rade a midnight coach. 'Twas said,
'Twas o' auld mouldy coffins made;
White windin'-sheets the curtains spread
O' this black noddy;
And he wha drove the steeds o' shade,
A headless body.

“ Weir never tauld his haly beads—
Weir didna care a flee for creeds—
Weir liked mair to twine the threads
O' Warlock waft,
And shape them into mournin' weeds,
Wi' his curst craft.

“Weir had an auld green coat o’ mail
That ne’er in need was kent to fail,
Like Satan, clad wi’ skull an’ scale,
Which did sae charm him,
Tho’ blows fell on him thick as hail,
They couldna harm him.

“At length and lang, auld Weir they grippit,
His lang grey locks they closely clippit,
Syne o’er his auld bare pow they slippit
A hempen cravat,
And burnt him, after they had whippit
Him hide an’ haffit.”

“Enough, auld frien’; sic ghaistly rant
Would aggravate a holy saunt,
And makes us sadly mourn the want
(Wi’ patriot tears)
O’ sense, and eke the fouldsome rant
O’ our forebears.

“What would sic warlock-burners think,
Could they but leave the grave’s black brink—
How wildly would the cauld een wink
O’ thae dull dreamers,
Had they an open daylight blink
O’ our new steamers?

“To see our stately vessels ride
Fair in the teeth o’ wind and tide,
And see them bauldly breast wi’ pride
 The tempest’s battle;
Or chariots fleein’ far and wide,
 Without their cattle.

“Thank Heaven, superstition’s slaves
Are lying snug noo i’ their graves;
When sic daft creatures lived—gude save’s!
 I only wonder
The world was na dung in staves
 Wi’ Jove’s dread thunder.

“Weir’s Biggin and the auld West Bow
Are mouldering in their ashes now;
But GEIKIE*—nature’s painter—thou,
 Wi’ matchless skill,
Can keep the tint in deathless low,
 Before us still!”

* Inserted in Geikie’s “Illustrations of Scottish Character and Scenery.”

A Voice frae Knor's Corner, Detherbow.

"An' muckle din there was about it."—*Burns*.

YE douce, auld-farrant Edinbro' folks,
Fling by your taunts, your jeers, and jokes;
Love ye the roof-tree o' John Knox?

Then act thegither,
An' dinna flee like fechtin' cocks
At ane anither.

Whilst ye, like auld wives, sit colleaguin',
Fell ruin rattles o'er my riggin',
I feel at my foundation diggin'

Baith pick an' spade.
Save me! or see your far-famed biggin'
In ashes laid.

Hark! to my mouldy rafters rumblin';
See! my auld lum-heads shakin', trumblin';
My gable-en' is near the tumblin',

Wi' fearfu' thud!
Nae ferlie, freens, ye hear me grumblin',
An' e'en red-wud.

Hark ! how it blaws, the cauld keen air,
Through my rent ribs an' rafters bare.
The sound o' psalm—the heartfelt prayer,
 I never hear;
Where are the knees that bent?—oh ! where
 The list'nin' ear?

Yestreen, I near-han' fell wi' fricht:
Lo ! i' the dead hour o' the nicht,
I saw a form in vision bricht,
 An'—maun I tell—
The burnin' an' the shinin' licht
 Was Knox himsel' !

Quo' he—" Droon, droon this Babel cry,
Whilk mars the music o' the sky;
Tell them to lay their weapons by,
 Their red-het words,
Or I will smite them hip and thigh,
 Wi' knotted cords !

" Tell them wha fecht in passion blin'
A battle ne'er were kent to win !
Tell them their loud unholy din,
 Baith loud an' deep,
Has burst my silent grave within,
 An' broke my sleep.

“ Tell them my spirit-voice commands,
Like brothers they join hearts an’ hands !
Tell them that Truth eternal stands
Through storm an’ time,
An’ trusts nae to the feckless bands
O’ stane an’ lime !

“ A’ ye whose love wad still defend me !
A’ ye wha helpin’ han’s wad lend me,
Ere wintry storms or ruin rend me,
Oh ! grant my prayer,
An’ sen’ a hundred men to mend me,
An’ fecht nae mair.”*

* A quarrel of a very unseemly nature, seasoned with a good deal of acrimony, took place in Edinburgh, regarding Knox’s House, Netherbow, in 1849—one party wishing to pull down the old fabric, and erect a monument in its place; the other to repair it, and allow it to remain. The latter triumphed: the house was repaired, and still stands upon its ancient footing, as Knox’s best monument.

Second Voice frae Knor's Corner, Netherbow.

"Accept a humble bardie's thanks."—*Burns*.

AULD Reekie's bairns, receive my thanks
For sendin' bolts, an' screws, an' cranks,
An' bands, an' beams, an' strong aik planks,
 An' arms o' micht,
To set me ance mair on my shanks,
 Strong, hale, an' ticht!

O Science! wondrous is thy fame,
Ye ca' the feet frae biggin's lame,
Send red-het pokers through ilk wame
 Wi' roof unrigget,
An' make them shine in their auld frame
 Like ane new-bigget.

Losh! how my auld head shook and wondered,
When brawny Scots, aboon a hundred,
Wi' arms like modern Samsons, sundered
 Baith lime an' stane,
An' on my puir auld body thundered
 Wi' micht and main!

Thocht I, what can the creatures mean,
To smash my sides before my e'en!
To break my ribs! to gut me clean!
As they wad end me!
Queer ways they ha'e; strange plans, I ween,
They take to mend me!

I set it down as slicht o' hand,
A touch o' Magic's wondrous wand,
A wily trick, by Satan planned,
To come and ca',
That I micht fairer, firmer stand,
My feet awa'!

I trembled for my ancient rhyme,
The holy motto o' my prime,
Whilk some coof covered up wi' lime;
Ye needna' doubt me,
It proves a touch o' the sublime
Is still about me!

But Scottish patriots calmed my fears.
Quo' they, "Dry up your burnin' tears,
In spite o' Time's dart, scythe, and shears,
Ilk honoured storey
Shall stand, and shine a thousand years,
To Knox's glory!

“ Again from your calm bosom, lo !
The soul o’ psalmody shall flow,
An’ Truth shall o’er thy forehead throw
 A glorious flame !
Till error hang her head fu’ low
 Wi’ burnin’ shame.

“ We’ll watch your welfare e’en and morn,
Wi’ bays we will your brows adorn,
When fame richt bauldly blaws her horn
 She winna miss ye;
An’ generations yet unborn
 Will praise an’ bless ye !”

Nae doubt this ga’e my hopes a heeze,
An’ set my auld heart in a bleeze !
Although upon my bended knees
 I canna’ fa’,
Frien’s, Antiquarians, Committees,
 I thank ye a’ !

My Auld Grannie's Leather Pouch.

DEAR frien', ye'll think me daft, nae doubt,
My wee bit blink o' wit blawn out,
To deave your learned lugs about
 My auld grannie's leather pouch!

I mind, in life's sweet sunny springs,
When we were laughin', toddlin' things,
How blithe we were to loose the strings
 O' auld grannie's leather pouch!

Sae queer its look—sae strange the shape,
Sae strongly bound wi' red silk tape,
Sae awfu' wide the mou' did gape
 O' auld grannie's leather pouch!

There's preens, an' sweeties, raisins, rock,
There's A B abs, for Will an' Jock,
There's ribbons for a braw new frock,
 In auld grannie's leather pouch!

A pair o' specks, a pair o' shears,
A preen-cod, aged fifty years,
Aye danglin' at the side appears
 O' auld grannie's leather pouch!

There's bodkins, thummels, hanks o' thread,
There's awfu' whangs o' cheese an' bread,
The beggars' bairns an' hens to feed,
 In auld grannie's leather pouch!

There's sangs that sing o' Scotland's richt,
O' Wallace, wi' his arm o' micht,
O' Bruce's battle-axe sae bricht,
 In auld grannie's leather pouch!

Some ditties ha'e a favoured place,
Sir James the Rose, an' Chevy Chase,
An' some about the Stuart race,
 In auld grannie's leather pouch!

We kent to time her kind, kind look;
When she took up the Holy Book,
We kent the time when we nicht pook
 At auld grannie's leather pouch!

But, gif we broke decorum's laws,
We had to flee like frichted craws,
A' tremblin', for the lang-taed tawse
 In auld grannie's leather pouch!

An' if we went to open strife,
When taunts an' blows were rather rife,
We fled before the "Butcher's knife"
 In auld grannie's leather pouch!

We kent richt weel to wale ilk word,
We kent there was a "little bird,"
Whilk blabbit ilka thing it heard,
 In auld grannie's leather pouch!

E'en pussie durstna mak' a din,
When she sat down to read or spin,
For fear it wad be stappit in
 To auld grannie's leather pouch!

Gif kames or buckles went astray,
When lads an' lasses made the hay,
'Twas queer that a' thing faund its way
 To auld grannie's leather pouch!

I've kent o' pouches rather queer,
Some fu' o' wun', some fu' o' gear,
But never ane that e'er came near
 My auld grannie's leather pouch!

When ye want sermons, salves, or saws,
For mendin' heads, or hearts, or laws,
Mak' up your minds, an' gang your wa's,
 To auld grannie's leather pouch!

Beauty's E'e.

O! IT maun be a dreigh an' a dreary time,
When the summer light fades o' our life's glad
 prime;
When, crabbit wi' crosses, an' laden wi' years,
We wend our sad way through the dark vale o'
 tears:
 When we leave far behind us our hours o' glee,
 An' the soul-cheering glances o' Beauty's e'e!

To mourn the lost soul o' our youth's happy
 dreams,
When they glowed like the rainbow, a' beauty an'
 beams,
When fancy, fair-pinioned, flew fleetly and far,
To bathe her soft wings in ilk bright burning star
 O' the sweet summer night; but it's waur to
 dree
 The loss o' the starlight o' Beauty's e'e!

Alas! for the day when young feeling hath fled;
When Fancy—fleet flier!—lies wingless and dead;
When Hope smiles nae mair through her dream o'
delight—

Alas! for auld age, an' its lang dreary night!

Ay! could, could the hearths o' our hames maun
be,

When we tine the kind warmth o' Beauty's e'e!

Oh, how can the lone heart feel cheery or light,
Wi' eild's murky mists rolling black on the
sight!

On the auld hoary pow, when the white flakes fa',
The sunlight lies could on sic hills o' snaw;

An' sair, sair the sigh that the sad heart maun
gi'e,

To tine the blithe sunlight o' Beauty's e'e!

Ay, weel may we mourn when the heart canna
beat—

Canna thrill wi' its joy, when the light white feet
O' the young dancing maidens do fleetly pass,
Like glad beams o' light o'er the young green grass,

When the deep forest rings wi' their heart's
guileless glee,

An' the fair flowers drink gladness frae Beauty's
e'e!

Let us love while we may! in our spring—in our
prime—

Ere that sad sand lies dead in the glass o' time!—

Ere the wit burns low—ere the fancy flees—

Ere the gloamin' comes, an' the daylight dees:

In life's happy morn let us bask a wee

'Neath the soul-cheering glances o' Beauty's e'e!

How fair the Morn.

How fair the morn, when the glad East
Flings forth her smiles o' cheering light,
When on each flower's unfolded breast
We see the soft tears o' the night—
Fair drops! tho' wooed by sunbeams bright,
How sweer to rise, an' wae to fa',
Frae aff their couches o' delight,
The buddin' rose—the blossomin' ha'.

How fair the noon, when clouds are forming
Glad hames in heaven—rich, rainbow-hued—
Sublime the summer thunder's storming,
When its flowery wrath is brewed:—
Though swells the river, waves the wood,
The rioting is a' o' sweets;
Like dear kind woman's dorty mood,
When her passion and her beauty meets!

How sweet the evening's soothing hour,
When love's first feelings, warm an' dear,
Wound the young heart wi' that strange power
Which charms the most when most severe:—

An' soothing 'tis, I ween, to hear,
Love's soft lone flute, where the waters fa',
An' to know the gentle maid is near,
Mair dear unto thy heart than a'.

But fairer than the morning's looks,
Far kinder than the warm sunshine,
Far sweeter than the songs when brooks
Do softly lull the day's decline—
Is she wha keeps this heart o' mine
Deep in her een's bewitching thraw;
An' gin I hope for aught divine,
My heart maun e'en bow to their law.

The Smiddie.

[Air—"The Days o' Langsyne."]

YE'LL mount your bit naggie, an' ride your wa's
doun,

'Bout a mile an' a half frae the neist borough
toun,

There wons an auld blacksmith, wi' Janet his
wife—

And a queerer auld cock ye ne'er met i' your life

As this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine;

O! be sure that ye ca' on this cronie o' mine.

Ye'll fin' 'im, as I do, a trustworthy chiel,

Weel tempered wi' wit frae his head to his heel,

Wi' a saul in his body Auld Nick ne'er could clout,

An' a spark in his throat, richt ill to droon
out;

This cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine,

For a de'il o' a drouth has this cronie o' mine.

His smiddie ye'll ken by the twa trough stanes
At the auld door-cheeks, an' the black battered
panes—

By the three iron cleeks that he drave in the
wa',

To tie up wild yads when heigh customers ca';
O this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine!

Sure the hail country kens him, this cronie o'
mine.

Up agen the auld gable 'tis like you may view
A tramless cart or a couterless plough,

An auld teethless harrow, a brechem ring rent,

Wi' mae broken gear, that are meant to be men't

By this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine;

He's a right handy craftsman, this cronie o'
mine.

There's an auld broken sign-board looks to the hie
road,

Whilk tells ilka rider whare his naig may be shod;

There's twa or three wordies that ye'll ha'e to
spell,

But ye needna find fault, for he wrote it him-
sel';

This cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine!

He's an aul'-farren carle, this cronie o' mine.

When ye fin' this auld smiddie, ye'll like, there's
nae doubt,
To see the inside o't as well as the out;
Then stap ye in bauldly, altho' he be thrang,
Gif the pint-stoup but clatter, ye'll ken him ere
lang,
This cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine,
Baith wit, fun, and fire, has this cronie o' mine.

Twa or three ehiels frae the town-end are sure to
be there—
There's the bauld-headed butcher, wha takes aye the
chair,
'Mang the queerest auld fallows, ae way an' anither,
That e'er in this world were clubbit thegither;
A' cronies o' mine, a' cronies o' mine,
They'll a' mak ye welcome, thae cronies o'
mine.

There's Dominie Davie, sae glib i' the mou,
But it's like ye will fin' the auld earl blin' fou;
Wi' the wee barber bodie, an' his wig fu' o' news,
Wha wad shave ony chap a' the week for a
booze;
A' cronies o' mine, a' cronies o' mine,
They'll a' mak ye welcome, thae cronies o'
mine.

There's our auld Toun-Clerk, wha has ta'en to the
 pack,
That is naething in bulk to the humph on his
 back;
His knees are sae bowed, his splay feet sae thrawn,
Troth it's no easy tellin' the road whilk they're
 gaun,
 Tho' a cronie o' mine, a bauld cronie o' mine,
 They'll a' mak ye welcome, thae cronies o' mine.

There's Robin the ploughman, wha's crammed fu' o'
 fun,
Wee gamekeeper Davie, wi' bag, dog, and gun,
An' the miller, wha blithely the pipes can play on,
So you're sure to fa' in wi' the "Miller o' Drone;"
 A' cronies o' mine, a' cronies o' mine,
 They'll a' mak ye welcome, thae cronies o' mine.

Then wi' thumpin' o' hammers and tinklin' o'
 tangs,
Wi' auld-fashioned stories wrought into queer
 sangs,
Wi' this soun an' that, ye'll aiblins be deaved—
An' take care o' your breeks that they dinna get
 sieved
 Wi' this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine,
 For an arm o' might has this cronie o' mine.

Then the Vulcan his greybeard is aye sure to draw
Frae a black sooty hole whilk ye'll see i' the wa',
An' lang ere its empty, frien', I meikle doubt,
Gif the tae chap kens weel what the tither's about,
 Wi' this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine—
 O! be sure that ye ca' on this cronie o' mine.

Come now, my gude frien', gie's a shake o' your
 haun',
The night's wearing thro', an' ye maun be gaun;
The callan' will bring doon your naig in a blink,
But before that ye mount, again let us drink
 To this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine—
 Here's lang life and pith to this cronie o' mine!

The Evil E'e.

AN evil e'e hath looked on thee,
My puir wee thing, at last;
The licht has left thy glance o' glee,
Thy frame is fading fast.
Wha's frien's, wha's faes, in this cauld warld
It's e'en richt ill to learn;
But an evil e'e hath looked on thee,
My bonnie, bonnie bairn!

Your tender buik I happit warm,
Wi' a' a mither's care,
I thocht nae human heart could harm
A thing sae gude an' fair;
An' ye got aye my blessing, when
I toiled, your bread to earn;
But an evil e'e hath looked on thee,
My bonnie, bonnie bairn!

The bloom upon thy bonnie face,
The sunlicht o' thy smiles,
How glad they made ilk eerie place,
How short the langsome miles;

For sin' I left my minnie's cot,
Beside the Brig o' Earn,
O, ours has been a chequered lot,
My bonnie, bonnie bairn !

I can forgi'e my mither's pride,
Wha drave me frae my hame;
I can forgi'e my sister's spite—
Her heart maun bear its blame;
I can forgi'e my brither's hard
An' haughty heart o' airn,
But no the e'e that withers thee,
My bonnie, bonnie bairn !

I ken that deep in ae black breast
Lies hate to thee and me;
I ken wha bribed the fiends that prest
Thy faither to the sea;—
But hush!—he'll soon be back again,
To bend the heart o' airn,
To drive frae thee the evil e'e,
My bonnie, bonnie bairn !

The Douglas.

Set to Music by Mr Kieser, Edinburgh.

FADED and fallen are the once green leaves,
And strongly the breast of the forest heaves;
Roused by the wrath of the stormy north,
Lo! hungry, the wild raven soareth forth:
 But through Roslin Castle's turrets grey
 Waileth the winds more drear,
And its fair warden fadeth faster away
 Than the frail flowers of the year.

Mournfully she plucks from the lonely dell
The last fresh flower—for she knows full well
That the sweet fruit tree and flowery plain
Can never shed joy o'er her heart again:—
 His Monarch's heart, in a case of gold,
 Her own dear Douglas bore
To the Holy Land,—but her hero bold
 To her returned no more.

Lo! thick as the dust of the desert, came
The Moorish hordes, with sword and flame;
Bravely he fought, but this little band
Could gain nor the cross, nor the Holy Land:—
But he flung in the face of the foe
His charge, whilst shouted he,
“Go, heart, to thy God and thy glory go;
And Douglas will follow thee!”

O! proud art thou ocean, and mighty thy song,
And thy tempests have pinions swift and strong;
Then sing ye the song of the hero who fell,
How great were his deeds when he fought—and
tell,
Sad winds, when the pilgrim calls,
That from the wanderer's store
Of Roslin's bright and blazing halls
A welcome comes no more.

Drinkin' Body.

O! MONY ills we ken ye bie—
 Drinkin' body, blinkin' body;

An' fearfu' ills I wat they be—
 Auld drinkin', blinkin' body :

O! mony ills we ken ye bie—
Your tremblin' han', and sunken e'e,
The sad effects o' barley-bree!
 Puir drinkin', blinkin' body.

There's scarce a dud upon your back—
 Reckless body, feckless body—
That ance was clad right bien, alack !

 Auld reckless, feckless body :
Ye've scarce a dud upon your back,
Ye're like a house without its thack,
An' yet ye'll fuddle ilka plack !
 Puir reckless, feckless body.

Thou boasted ance thy lands to plough—
 Tauntin' body, vauntin' body—
Thy sax guid yads as ever drew—
 Auld tauntin', vauntin' body :

Thou boasted ance thy lands to plough—
A but, a ben, and am'ry fou—
But where the mischief are they now?
Puir tauntin', vauntin' body.

Now thou'st neither milk nor meal—
Senseless body, menseless body—
Buttered cake, nor kebbuck heel—
Auld senseless, menseless body :
Now thou'st neither milk nor meal,
Weel stocked byre, nor cosie biel,
Ye're dancing daily to the deil !
Puir menseless, senseless body.

Gif sober housewife say ye're wrang—
Tattered body, battered body—
When 'gainst her winnock ye come bang !
Auld tattered, battered body :
Gif sober housewife say ye're wrang,
Thou bidst her for a witch gae hang,
Syne dings her wi' a roguish sang !
Puir tattered, battered body.

Thus runs your will—"When I am dead"—
Tearless body, fearless body—
"Ye needna don the mournin' weed"—
Auld tearless, fearless body :
Thus runs your will—"When I am dead,
For tombstone on the grassy mead,
Just clap a coggie at my head."
Puir tearless, fearless body.

For Gudesake mend, while yet ye can—
Witless body, fitless body—
Forsake your drouthy, clouty clan,
Auld witless, fitless body:
For Gudesake mend, if yet ye can;
'Tis human nature's wisest plan
To sink the brute, an' raise the man!
Puir witless, fitless body.

Now Summer's gane.

Now Summer's gane wi' a' her wiles,
Her rays o' gowd, her cheering smiles,
Her sangs o' joy, her hills o' green,
An' bonny winding groves between.
O, where are now her happy days,
Her laughing gowans on the braes,
The crown o' flowers upon her brow,
The primrose sweet, the violet blue?

The cauld white faem o' winter's wrath
Has covered o'er the windin' path
That led me to the birken bower,
Where love made short the langest hour:—
Alas! nae primrose sweet is there,
But trees in frost stand shivering bare.
Poor limp in' hare, and cushet doo,
Cauld, cauld maun be your biggin' now!

Saw ye the robin twittering past,
His wee wing riven in the blast?
See! mute he sits on yon auld tree,
An' the snaw-drift steeks his heartless e'e;

Deprived o' shelter, food, and rest,
His tuneless bill sinks on his breast;
Cauld, swingin' on a naked spray,
He spends his weary winter day.

Loud howls the tempest o'er the hill,
On sleeping nature frozen still;
An' turret grey frae ruined wa's,
Mixed in the tempests, tumbling fa's:
An' living streams, wi' winter's breath,
Are turned as cauld an' stiff as death;—
How dear would be my humble strain,
Could it bring sweet summer back again !

The Orphan's May Song.

NOT ALL ABOUT FLOWERS.

MAY morn breaks beautiful, ye say,—

Then open our cabin-door,

Dear sister, that the pure air may

My wasting strength restore,—

For I must out to toil and sweat ;

And yonder blessed sun

In ocean's dark blue breast will set

Ere my hard task be done.

There was a time, to hail sweet May

My heart leapt with its joy,

When my soul's devotion could repay

The raptures of the boy ;

Now—hills, woods, streams, flowers, per-
fumed airs,

In vain their virtues shed,

For nature's face to me but wears

The features of the dead.

Brighter and brighter it breaks, ye say,—
But, alas! in vain for me
Each glory grows of the young fresh May,
When thy sad pale face I see.
You do not seek your haunts, the hills;
Ye roam not the wild woods free,
Nor startle the deer by the singing rills;
Alas for your vanished glee!
Sister! where is thy gladdening glance,
Thy happy summer mien,
When in the merry May-pole dance
The maidens hailed thee queen?
No dance, no song, no lute's soft sound,
No wreaths of roses now,—
But cruelly hath sorrow crowned
With thorns thy gentle brow.
Then marvel not that my soul is sore,
When thy wasting form I see;
That the more I taste of life, the more
Bitter the cup to me.
I hear thee mourn our mother gone,
Our sire, the last away!
Ay! Death beside our cold hearth stone
Has sat for many a day.
Weep not, my sister—I will smile,
I e'en will happy be,
If I in such a mood can wile
One bitter pang from thee.

I know that God is great,—I feel
His goodness, and I know
That there be hearts of stone and steel
His arm shall soon strike low.

Lord of the living fires that through
The loud-toned thunders leap—
Of the wild-winged wind—and the mighty song
Of the ocean's waters deep—
Break thou Oppression's iron power!
Wake Mercy from her sleep:
Will it, O God! that from this hour
No wretched eye may weep!

My Lost Love.

SWEET lady! touch thy harp again,
And sing me a soft and soothing lay!
A charm breathes round me from thy strain,
Like sunshine on a winter day.

Sing on, dear maid—though I am one
Who darkly look on all I see,
Mind not my mood—'tis of a man
Who lives when life is misery.

There was an eye that watched with mine
Each morning's glory bright and new;
And when I said, "O how divine!"
There was a voice which said so too.

There was a little pulse that beat
Beside the veins where my life played;
There were two light bewitching feet,
That tripped with me where'er I strayed.

There was a face—if I was gay,
 Reflected back more fond delight ;
For, if I smiled, we both were day—
 And if I frowned, we both grew night.

There came an hour—a dreadful hour!—
 An age of woe it proved to me ;
The mists of death fell round my flower,
 And wrapt it in eternity.

Then, lady, touch thy harp again,
 O, sing me a soft, a soothing lay ;
Would that the power were in thy strain,
 To free a weary soul from clay !

Where should the Poet's Spirit be?

WHERE should the poet's spirit be?

Say, fair Muse, his soul's bright queen;
Is it high in heaven, or deep in the sea,
Or loves it the boundless immensity

That bluely floats between?

Shall I ask the mist on the mountain's height,

Or the dusk in the lonely dell,—

The glory of day, or the gloom of night,
With blended tints of dark and light,

For I deem they know him well?

Shall I ask the stream as it wanders through

Its flower path in the valley?

Shall I ask the pearl of early dew

That hangs at the lip of the lily?

Wherever I see that pure flower ope

Its leaves, the dew-gem showing,

To me the tender glittering drop

Seems like the restless spark of hope

In the poet's bosom glowing.

Shall I ask the bloom on beauty's cheek,
Or the fire in her glorious eye?
For, could the bloom or the radiance speak
In words as soft as her own sweet sigh,
I fondly deem they would declare,
They knew it was the poet's pride
To look, to love, to linger there,
From smiling morn till eventide.

Where should the poet's spirit be?
In every scene of honest glee;
Where echo speaks back to the high waterfalls,—
Where the ruin is opening the heart of its halls,—
Where the goat from the mountain comes down to
 drink
From the hollow carved rock on the pure river's
 brink,—
When the hymn of the nightingale flows from the
 shade,
And the pretty love song of the merry milkmaid,
And the whistle shrill of the happy ploughboy,
Are blending all in one language of joy,—
Where, under the plum-tree, the peasants are
 met
To dance, sing, and play, at happy sunset;
There, where the small waist is rounded the neatest,
There, where the voice flows the softest and sweetest,
Where glows the cheek in the healthiest hue,
Where swims the eye in the deepest blue,

Where heaves the young and tender breast,
Fuller of true love than all the rest;—
Wherever the graces of life preside,
The poet's spirit is there in its pride!

What though the hand of misfortune hath wrung
him,
And the arrows of envy and malice have stung
him!—
As bold looks the proud ship, though rude it be
driven
Through the high rolling waves on the wild
troubled sea,
So the soul of the bard, in the keeping of Heaven,
Soars proud o'er the tide of adversity.

To Gertrude.

FAIR lady! soothing sounds there are which cheer

The spirit from its earthly weight of sadness;

The pathway to the heart may be the ear,

Where enter the kind messengers of gladness.

I heard thee sing, and straightway a sweet madness

Rushed like a full wave through each swelling vein;

And I did love that madness; for that strain

Bound every sense to pleasure with a chain

I wish not to be broken!

Take thou my thanks, and wishes! May increase

Of joy grow with thy years! may golden peace

Herald thy footsteps, as thou mov'st through life,

A happy maiden or a happier wife!

May the calm eve of thy existence be

As pure and gentle as each tone that fell

Upon my soul, when yonder ivory key

Was touched by thy light fingers skilfully!

And, when thy spirit bows before His throne,

May thy soul drink such music as thy own!

Autumn.

YE to whom generous Nature freely opes
Her varied stores, of gentleness and power,
From ocean's mighty waters to the drops
Shed by the starry eve on each fair flower
That waves and trembles in the summer's bower,
Bent down by sweetest breath when west winds
 sigh
From the rough-crested rocks, where darkly lower
The cloudy brows of the tempestuous sky,
To thine own peaceful home, with beauty ever nigh:

Come! let each gladdened heart drink deep
 once more
Of Nature's nectar,—'tis the sweetest time
For fond unfettered souls—love-winged—to soar
O'er the rich regions of each fertile clime,
While nods the fruit-tree in its blushing prime,
While wave rich fields upon the laden plain,
Where Nature blends the simple and sublime,—
Gaze on with joy!—you may ne'er see again,
Nor waters winding clear—fruits—flocks—nor
 golden grain.

Hark ! rings around the lark's loud matin song,
And see, upon the lofty broom-clad height,
Appears—'mid shouts of joy !—the reaper throng,
Fresh from the slumbers of a happy night:
How eager all seem for the sylvan fight;
Now bark the dogs; now snort the toiling teams;
And lo ! amid the morning's infant light,
Up bounds the burning sun; beneath his beams
How bright the maidens' locks, how the sharp sickle
gleams.

Before them rise a ridge of rugged rocks,
Couches of velvet moss lie soft between;
Above them tower high mountains, where fair
flocks
Feed on the sunny pastures, rich and green.
There is a white sail in the distance seen—
An island fair, to which the gay bark bounds;
An azure heaven smiles sweetly o'er the scene;
Along the shore, and on the fertile grounds,
Nought's seen but scenes of peace, nought's heard
but joyful sounds.

Prosper thy honest hearts and hardy hands,
Ye of the flowery vale and rugged steep;
Blest with sweet freedom, on thy fertile lands
Long may you live to dig, and sow, and reap !
Long may the God of golden harvests keep
Far from each canty cottage famine's fear !

And never three-girred cog and corn-heap
Be distant from each humble hearth, to cheer
Thy sons—my native land—old Scotland, mother
dear!

The Departure of Summer.

THERE falls a yellow blight upon the leaf,
There come sad sighs of sorrow on the air,
And in the feeling heart there springs a grief—
A gloomy grief, half mingled with despair—
When Nature's face, so gloriously fair,
Turns black with storm—when all her sweets
 decay,
When tree, and flower, and blossoms flee away,
Leaving but phantom memory whisp'ring they were
 there.

And ye, blue skies! must ye too feel the blight,
And pass as soon as doth a happy thought?
And shall we, trembling in the tempest's might,
Behold the throne of flowers, so finely wrought
By God's own hand and his great judgment,
 brought,
Drooping and withered, down into the dust?
Creator! thy decrees are wise and just,
But dearly by its death is summer's sweetness
 bought.

And you, ye young, ye beautiful, ye gay,
Who dance like motes in fortune's golden beam,
Visions of loveliness! on—on ye stray
Your flower-paved path of life as in a dream!
No storms above, no dark waves on your stream.
Bright beings! ye will fade—your fair day close,
And o'er its lustre fall stern winter's snows,
Till Time the tomb-door lock against love's glorious
gleam.

Winter, stern conqueror, thy hand will fall
On many a withering heart and drooping head,
And over thousands throw the dark grey pall—
Thousands, who once in light were all arrayed,
And dreamed not of the darkness of the dead!—
Love whilst ye may, young hearts! enjoy, admire,
Ere the blood freeze, and life's rich light expire;
The soul is on the wing—the gaunt grave must be
fed!

Home Tour.

THE frantic wind is sweeping shrill
Over the head of the grey-haired hill;
Ruin rages in the gale;
The blasted tree, the bursting rock,
By earthquake's shake, by lightning's stroke,
Roll thundering to the vale.

'Tis Heaven commands;—sweep on, ye storms!
Gather and fight, ye mystic forms!
Dash down each swollen cloud!
Wheel, Earth! thy course,—a shapeless blot
Of wind and wave; but, O! wrap not
Yon cottage in thy shroud.

My Jessie and my cottage spare!
My springtime and my summer's there—
My life, and all life's worth:
Flash far away, dread lightning's power,
Blast not my home, blight not my flower,
Chill not my cheering hearth!

Her sweet smile is my summer's light,
My beacon in the darkest night;
And, O! her gentle eye,
It is my morn—my evening star—
That shines upon me kindlier far
Than any in the sky.

Her virtuous mind's my store of wealth—
Her blooming cheek my flower of health—
Her mouth my honeycomb;
Her snowy, pure, and tranquil breast,
The down where sinks my head to rest:
Rage storms, but spare my home!

Childhood's Feast of Flowers.

How beautiful the dawn of day
Comes dancing o'er its ocean way!
How beautiful! as fresh and gay
As childhood in the month of May!
Rejoicing in glad summer hours!
Rejoicing in their Feast of Flowers!

Hail, lovely world! Hail, beauteous ball!
Hail, holy Love, upholding all!
Hail, lovely Earth! in glory hung,
With order crowned—from nothing sprung!
God spoke, and, lo! from dismal night
And utter darkness, leapt the light!
God spoke! and lightning rent the cloud!
God spoke! then rolled the thunder loud!
God breathed upon it! odours rare,
Of heavenly fragrance, filled the air!
God breathed upon it! holy Love
Flew to its bosom like a dove!

God looked upon it! from that gaze
The stars for evermore shall blaze!
God touched it! with a heavenly thrill,
Lo! life leapt forth to do His will!
God spoke! dread Ocean kissed the sky!
God spoke! Hills heaved their heads on high!
God spoke! and His Almighty voice
Bade every living thing rejoice!

First Voice.

Gather, gather, we are going
To the fair fields, one and all.
Where the butter-cups are growing,
Where the fragrant winds are blowing,
Near the streamlet sweetly flowing,
We will hold a flowery ball,
We will hold a flowery ball.
But, before our songs begin,
Our harmless mirth, our happy din,
Heart and soul come let us raise
In a song of holy praise
To Him who tuned the gentle breeze,
Who hung such glory o'er the trees,
Who decked with flowers the fruitful plain,
And sent us sunshine, dew, and rain!

Second Voice.

Dearly, dearly must He love us!
See, how beautiful the skies!

See the bow He bends above us,
Glittering with a thousand dyes !
All so beautiful to see.
Happy, happy creatures we !
Happy, happy creatures we !

Third Voice.

A flowery bank with dewy breast,
By the lark's wing newly pressed !
A flowery bank with daisies dressed !
Come, let us rest, come, let us rest,
And sing the flowers that we love best !

First Voice.

Of every flower that sweetly blows,
Give me, give me, the red, red rose !
For in its bursting buds we see
The types of happy infancy !
And when its leaves are fuller blown,
The bounty of our God is shown !
The magic of the hand is there
That made us all so fresh and fair.
Of every flower that sweetly blows,
Give me, give me, the red, red rose !

Second Voice.

Of all the flowers that deck the lea,
The lily fair give me, give me,
The lily fair give me !

For when into its face we look,
When it bends to kiss the brook,
It seemeth to the charmed sight
A holy saint all clothed in white;
And it ever teacheth me
To live in virtuous purity!
Of all the flowers that deck the lea,
The lily fair give me, give me!

Third Voice.

I love a flower you all know well,
It is the merry Scotch blue-bell!
The merry, merry Scotch blue-bell!
It is the colour of the skies,
And of my gentle mother's eyes!
Though rocky rough its dwelling-place,
It ever wears a smiling face!
It teacheth me there is no spot
That God's great bounty visits not,
And that we all may merry be
Even in adversity.
Of all the flowers that deck the dell,
Give me, give me, the Scotch blue bell!

Fourth Voice.

A little modest flower I sing,
The daisy, fair-haired child of spring,
For, when its dewy heart I see,
I think how pure my own should be!

And when I see it lift its head,
So happy, from its humble bed,
I think, whilst gazing on its breast,
With morning's glory richly dressed,
That Love and Beauty may adorn
The human flower, though lowly born!

First Voice.

Away! ye merry elves, away,
To deep greenwood and mountain grey,
Bring the daisy from the mountain,
Bring the lily from the fountain,
Bring the merry Scotch blue-bell,
Bring it from the rocky dell,
Where the lightning loves to dwell!
Bring the blooming young moss-rose
That by the ruined abbey grows,
And where the sunbeams sweetly shine,
Your summer wreaths go twine, go twine!
O! let your songs for ever flow
To Him who can such gifts bestow!
Praise God! who pours the living showers,
Praise God! who builds the fragrant bowers,
Praise God! who sent the sunny hours,
And spreads for all a feast of flowers!

The Seaside.

A LAY FOR YOUTH.

Chorus.

Waters, waters, lift your voice !
Ocean, in Nature's joy rejoice !
Sing, sing, ye winds ! sing, sing with glee !
Echo, ye rocks that highest be !
Dance, dance, ye waves ; dance, dance, that we
May sing a song to the mighty sea !
The mighty, mighty sea !
The glorious, glorious sea !
The loud God-praising sea !
The loud God-praising sea !

First Voice.

See, see, the sun !
See, see, the sun !
See, see, the sun in beauty breaking !
O'er the Ocean how he glows !
O ! feel ye not our hearts partaking
Of the glory that he throws
O'er the waters,
O'er the waters,

O'er the waters just awaking
From a summer night's repose,
A happy night's repose!
A holy night's repose!

Second Voice.

Hail, lovely sea! hail, lovely sky!
Hail, sweet fresh sea-breeze rushing by!
I feel, I feel thy gentle wing
Upon my brow, upon my cheek;
I know full well the songs ye sing!
With Music's words the winds do speak,
The winds do speak!
How great, how good, the Power must be,
That gave such music to the sea!

Third Voice.

Hark! hear ye not the glad waves sing,
Come forth! come forth a happy band,
Come forth to dance on the sunny sand!
The sunny, sunny sand!
The sunny, sunny sand!
See, like soft velvet, fold on fold,
It glitters along the shining shore,
Like a rich carpet of fine gold,
With silver spangles sprinkled o'er,
With silver spangles sprinkled o'er.
How great, how good the Power must be,
That with such beauty bound the sea!

Fourth Voice.

Hail, mighty rocks!

Hail, mighty rocks!

Where the wild tangle waves at will.

Hail, limpets white, that feed like flocks

Of sheep upon a sunny hill!

Near your caves I love to creep,

To catch the little crab asleep—

The little creeping, creeping crab,

With pincing toes and coat of drab;

To watch the merry bounds and wheels

Of leaping prawns and silver eels.

How great and good the Power must be,

That gives such wonders to the sea!

First Voice.

Come, gather, gather the Ocean shells,

Lovely gems I ween they be;

And oft I think within them dwells,

Like golden imps in silver cells,

The fairies of the sea!

The fairies!

The fairies!

The fairies of the sea!

Come, pick and choose,

Come, pick and choose,

Here they are of a thousand hues,

That shine and glitter, and glance and glow,

With all the tints of the rich rainbow!

Here are the orange, the blue, the green,
The cherry red and the snowy white,
And a brightness around their beds I
ween,
Like the glance of the sky in a starry
night.
How great, how good, the Power must be,
That gave such jewels to the sea!

Second Voice.

Here is one that seems to be
The merry minstrel of the sea;
Hold it to your listening ear,
And you will quickly deem you
hear
The merry Mermaid sing a song,
Within her coral chamber fair;
While she twines rich pearls among
The golden wavelets of her hair.
How great, how good the Power must be,
That gave such wonders to the sea!

Chorus.

Waters, waters, lift your voice!

Fourth Voice.

Lovers of Nature, tell to me,
What mood of the mighty sea
Is most pleasant unto thee?

First Voice.

I love the ocean in repose,
When it slumbers calm and deep,
Murmuring softly like to those
Who sing love-ditties in their sleep.
Give me, give me,
The mighty sea,
When cradled in tranquillity.

Second Voice.

I love it when the waves run high,
When, like the eagle wild and free,
The fisher's skiff darts swiftly by;
To hear the boatman's song, and see
The sea-mews flitting to and fro,
Or melting 'mong the waves like snow,

Chorus.

Waters, waters, lift your voice !

Third Voice.

I love the Ocean when the hour
Of tempest calleth forth its power,
For then I humbly bow the knee,
And think how high and great must be,
The God who made the mighty sea !

Sing glory to the Lord always,
Who formed this wondrous world of ours,

Who gave such grandeur to the day,
Such beauty to the starry hours!
And holds these waters, great and grand,
Safe in the hollow of his hand!

Chorus.

Waters, waters, lift your voice!
Ocean, in Nature's joy rejoice!
Sing, sing, ye winds! sing, sing with glee!
Echo, ye rocks that highest be!
Dance, dance, ye waves! dance, dance, that we
May sing a song to the mighty sea!
The mighty, mighty sea,
The glorious, glorious sea,
The loud God-praising sea!
The loud God-praising sea!

My Early Lure.

THE autumn leaves fa' fast, dear May,
O! wearily fast,
Poor blighted things, they canna thole
The buffets o' ilk blast.
The birds will soon be mute, dear May,
The sweet flowers dead an' gane,
An' soon ilk strippet tree will stand
As bare's yon auld mile-stane.

The black bat flits—the howlet hoots
Frae Roslin's castle wa',
The wicked spirit o' the winds
Raves through ilk hoary ha'.
Rude ruin on the rafters bare
Has fixed his gorin' teeth,
An' the pick-axe o' the labouring wight
Is working hard beneath.

The roarin' linn, the waves, the win',
Sing sadly i' the ear,
That winter, wi' his hoasts and frosts,
An' caulds an' cramps, is near.

An' when the wreckin' tempest sweeps
Athwart the leafless lea,
An' shakes ilk biggin' to the found,
O! wha will shelter thee?

Nae brither brave, nae sister sweet,
Greet's thee wi' kindred smile;
Thy honoured father's auld grey hairs
Lie 'neath our abbey-aisle.
Your mither on her cauld death-bed
Aft fondly turned to thee,
Syne grasp'd my hand, an', weepin', left
Her wee pet lamb to me.

Why weeps my early love? why heaves
Wi' sighs thy gentle breast?
Beshrew these silly words o' mine,
That wreck thy bosom's rest!
For why should I stand haverin' here,
Like pulin' hopeless swain,
When ilka blush, an' sigh, an' tear,
Declares ye a' my ain!

The Scotch Blue-bell.

THE Scotch blue-bell, the Scotch blue-bell,
The dear blue-bell for me !
O ! I wadna gi'e the Scotch blue-bell
For a' the flowers I see.

I lo'e thee weel, thou Scotch blue-bell,
I hail thee, floweret fair;
Whether thou bloom'st in lanely dell,
Or wav'st mid mountain air—
Blithe springing frae our bare, rough rocks,
Or fountain's flowery brink:
Where, fleet as wind, in thirsty flocks,
The deer descend to drink.
The Scotch blue-bell, &c.

Sweet flower ! thou deck'st the sacred nook
Beside love's trystin'-tree;
I see thee bend to kiss the brook,
That kindly kisseth thee.

'Mang my love's locks ye're aften seen,
Blithe noddin' o'er her brow,
Meet marrows to her lovely een
O' deep endearin' blue !
The Scotch blue-bell, &c.

When e'enin's gowden curtains hing
O'er moor and mountain grey,
Methinks I hear the blue-bells ring
A dirge to deein' day ;
But when the light o' mornin' wakes
The young dew-droucket flowers,
I hear amid their merry peals
The mirth o' bridal hours !
The Scotch blue-bell, &c.

How oft wi' rapture ha'e I strayed
The mountain's heather crest,
There aft wi' thee ha'e I arrayed
My Mary's maiden breast:—
Oft tremblin' marked amang thy bells
Her bosom fa' an' rise,
Like snawy cloud that sinks an' swells
'Neath summer's deep blue skies.
The Scotch blue-bell, &c.

O! weel ye guess, when morning daws,
I seek the blue-bell grot ;
An' weel ye guess, when e'enin' fa's,
Sae sweet, I leave it not,—

An' when upon my tremblin' breast
Reclines my maiden fair,
Thou knowest full well that I am blest,
An' free frae ilka care.

The Scotch blue-bell, the Scotch blue-bell,
The dear blue-bell for me !
O ! I wadna gi'e the Scotch blue-bell
For a' the flowers I see.

The Rough Kiss.

O! WOMAN'S wit, O! woman's wiles—

I would that I were free—

Far frae the magic o' your smiles,

Your winning witchery:—

Yet, did I vow the fair to flee,

Their favours sweet to scorn,

I meikle doubt that I should dee

A sinner sair foresworn.

Yestreen the new hairst-moon rose bright,

An' ilka star, that beamed

In beauty on the brow o' night,

An angel's spirit seemed.

My weary naigs were fed, an' clean,

Safe hame were kye an' sheep;

Thick cam' my nightly thoughts o' Jean,

Till I fell sound asleep.

An' syne I dreamed—as fools will dream—

O' wandering near a bower,

Beside a merry chaunting stream,

Wi' green banks a' in flower,

There, fairer far than bowers or brooks,
Or flowers in summer sheen,
In ane o' Nature's rosy nooks,
I met my true-love Jean.

A herdin' crook held ae white lan',
A silken leash the ither,
Wi' whilk she led, frae upland lawn,
A wee lamb and its mither.
How could my heart be passion-proof,
When love brought us thegither?—
The sunny sky our chamber roof,
Our couch the balmy heather.

Then—as I breathed my love—my sighs,
My words grew warmer, dearer;
An', somehow, 'tween her kind replies,
We nearer crept, and nearer.
But when I preed her mou', to prove
The raptures o' my faith,
I thought the loupin' throes o' love
An' joy had been my death.

Alas! soon fled the vision sweet,
The joys o' each embrace,
An' I awoke, methought to meet
Auld Satan face to face:
My rosy bed, beside the brook,
Proved but a couch o' thorns;
An' high, instead o' Jeanie's crook,
Towered twa lang crooked horns!

An' close, instead o' Jeanie's waist,
For beauty's model meet,
I faund my twining arms embraced
Twa cloddy, cloven feet!
An' what I deemed the sweets that sprung
Frae Jeanie's honey mou',
Were lappings frae the lang rough tongue
O' auld Tam Tamson's cow!

My Auld Gudeman.

BAR the ha' door, my dearie—
 Hech, sirs! sic a din
This wild winter makes wi'
 His weet an' his win',
Wi' hail hard as whunstones,
 Wi' thick chokin' snaw—
Bar the ha' door, my dearie,
 Fu' crouse let him crawl.
When the big arm-chair near
 The ingle is drawn,
An' my wheel birrs wi' joy
 'Side my auld gudeman,
 O! the blink o' his e'e
 Makes a summer to me,
 Sae sunny's the glee
 O' my auld gudeman.

In vain, gloomy winter,
 Ye try ilka art
To bend his straught back, or
 To freeze his kind heart;

When loud roar thy tempests,
When fierce flow thy floods,
When the wind bites the bark
Frae snaw-covered woods,
As he wears his sheep hame,
Frae hill or laigh lan',
He laughs in your face, trowth!
My buirdly auld man.
For the wild winds o' night
That the feckless affright,
Send songs o' delight
To my auld gudeman.

An', losh! how he louns frae
The ingle's blithe blink
When he hears the loud roar
O' the curler's rink.
His han' still is steady,
Though aften, wae's me!
Eild murk clouds will fa' o'er
The aim o' his e'e;
Yet through the hail parish
The rumour has ran,
That there's nane takes the tee
Like my auld gudeman.
At ilk beef an' green feast,
A new medal, at least,
Hangs bright at the breast
O' my auld gudeman.

I ha'e laughed, ay, an' laughed,
Till my auld sides were sair,
To see him 'mang younkers
At bridal or fair—
When he cracks his brown thums
I' the foursome reel,
As he thinks himsel' still
A supple young chiel;
When the lasses ne'er swither
To gi'e him their han',
An' swing through the reel wi'
My auld gudeman.
O! he aye looks sae cheerie,
Ca's ilk ane "his dearie,"
Haith! the night ne'er gets eerie
Wi' my auld gudeman.

My heart's grit wi' gladness,
Yet tears fill my e'e,
When I thing that the mate
O' my bosom maun dee;
Yet bending wi' meekness
I'd bow to my fate,
If we baith the same hour
Could gang the same gate;
Or get but a lease o'
This life's mortal span,
I could wear out a score wi'
My auld gudeman.

I'd climb the steep brae,
And strew, as I stray,
Glad flowers on the way
O' my auld gudeman.

Nine wee anes we've christened—
We'll maybe name ten!
Some young sprouts ha'e sprung up
To women and men.
The lasses are modest,
As lasses should be—
The young rogues are wild-like,
An' thoughtless awee;
But to scauld or to skelp them
Was never my plan,
An' a word's quite enough
Frae my auld gudeman.
Hard knocks aye gi'e place
To sound lessons o' grace,
Frae the saul and the face
O' my auld gudeman.

Our faith has been constant,
Our love has been strang,
They ha'e worn sae weel, they
Ha'e lasted sae lang.
Lang, lang may they last:
But O! well-a-day!
If sad Fate before me should
Wedde him away,

I'll tak' the stroke kindly,
Frae death's baney han',
That lays me beside him,
My auld gudeman.

But sighing and sadness
Is even-doon madness,
When livin' in gladness
Wi thee, my auld man.

Ode.

Written for the Sheffield Burns' Club Anniversary, 1851.

Lo! another day of gladness,
Another nicht o' glee,
When we give heart-chilling sadness
To a' the winds that flee!
Lo! another day of glory
To the lovely earth returns,
When fame tells her proud story
Of her own immortal Burns!
Then to his glorious memory
Fill each cup as high as mine,
And sing, hurrah for Scotland dear,
And auld langsyne!

We speak of him, and lo!
We feel the life-tide leap
Through the heart, like to the flow
Of the torrent o'er the steep—
When the eagle in his flight
The eye with beauty fills—
When the lightning blends its might
With the glory of our hills!

Then to his mighty memory
Fill each cup as high as mine,
And sing, hurrah for Scotland dear,
And auld langsyne!

Thou soul of glorious harmony
Guard all our joys to-night;
And gild the moments as they fly
With beauty's holy light!
Thou soul of truth and friendship warm,
And true love's purest flame,
Fill all our hearts with every charm
That's wedded to his name.

Then to his glorious memory
Fill each cup as high as mine,
And sing, hurrah for Scotland dear,
And auld langsyne!

Come, pledge the noble soul that burns
With love for Scotia's shore;
Come, pledge the heart that ever turns
To the land we all adore!
Come, pledge her bonny lasses,
Come, pledge her honest men,
Come, pledge the joy that passes
In ilk canty but-an'-ben.

Then to his glorious memory
Fill each cup as high as mine,
And sing, hurrah for Scotland dear,
And auld langsyne!

Come, pledge with tears, and smiles between,
His honoured kindred's cairns;
Come pledge the memory o' his Jean,
And a' their livin' bairns !
Oh, the earth it ne'er gets weary
O' the sun's unclouded blaze,
And Scotsmen ne'er get eerie
When singing Robin's praise.
Then to his glorious memory
Fill each cup as high as mine,
And sing, hurrah for Scotland dear,
And auld langsyne !

Come, pledge the heroes o'er and o'er,
The Caledonian band !
Who Scotland's blood-red Lion bore
To many a distant land;
And let the reckless foe appear
Where freemen plough our plains,
They'll find that for the "symbol dear"
We'll "drain our dearest veins."
Then to his glorious memory
Fill each cup as high as mine,
And sing, hurrah for Scotland dear,
And auld langsyne !

Come, let us send our spirits forth
To the land that gave us birth—
To the brave hearts in the hardy North
This night who share our mirth.

And every bosom glowing here
Is heaving proud and high
With thoughts of him whom fame holds dear,
Whose death was not to die!
Then to his glorious memory
Fill each cup as high as mine,
And sing, hurrah for Scotland dear,
And auld langsyne!

But not with Scotland's hills alone
His memory will rest.
Where'er a laurel-wreath is won—
Where freemen fight the best—
The land of love—of patriot tombs—
The land the despot spurns—
Where honour springs, and beauty blooms—
That is the land of Burns!
Then to his glorious memory
Fill each cup as high as mine,
And sing, hurrah for Scotland dear,
And auld langsyne!

The Rockin'.

THE ingle cheek is bleezin' bricht,
The croozie sheds a cheerfu' licht;
An' happy hearts are here the nicht
 To haud a rantin' rockin'!

There's laughin' Lizzie free o' care,
There's Mary wi' the modest air,
An' Kitty wi' the gowden hair,
 Will a' be at the rockin'.

There's Bessie wi' her spinnin' wheel,
There's Jeanie Deans, wha sings sae weel,
An' Meg, sae daft about a reel,
 Will a' be at the rockin'.

The ploughman brave as Wallace wicht,
The weaver wi' his wit sae bricht,
The Vulcan wi' his arm o' micht,
 Will a' be at the rockin'.

The shepherd wi' his eagle-e'e,
Kindly heart, an' rattlin glee,
The wonder-workin' dominie,
Will a' be at the rockin'.

The miller wi' his mealy mou',
Wha kens sae weel the way to woo—
His faither's pipes frae Waterloo
He'll bring to cheer our rockin'.

The souter wi' his bristly chin,
Frae whilk the lasses screechin' rin,
The curly-headed whupper-in,
Will a' be at the rockin'.

There's merry jokes to cheer the auld,
There's love an' joy to warm the cauld,
There's sangs o' weir to fire the bauld;
Sae prove our merry rockin'.

The tales they tell, the sangs they sing,
Will gar the auld clay biggin' ring,
An' some will dance the Highland fling,
Richt blithely at the rockin'.

Wi' wit, an' love, an' fun, an' fire,
Fond friendship will each soul inspire;
An' mirth will get her heart's desire
O' rantin' at the rockin'.

When sair foredung wi' crabbit care,
When days come dark whilk promised fair,
To cheer the gloom, just come an' share
The pleasures o' our rockin'.

Take' the Right Side.

'Tis writ on human nature's leaf,
An' kent baith far an' near,
The fact, that there are nane sae deaf
As them wha winna hear.
Sae when ye woo a bonnie lass
Amang the bloomin' heather—
If deaf in ae side o' the head,
Just ye gang to the ither!

Lo! when ye vow the mornin' licht
Is nae sae sweet an' fair
As the gowden glow o' love's sweet licht
That trembles 'mang her hair;
An' when ye hint ye think it time
That she was frae her mither—
If deaf in that side o' the head,
Just ye gang to the ither!

An' gif she upward turn her e'e,
An' fauld her lily hands,
As if she treated scornfully
Your proffered wedlock bands,

Just whisper gently in her ear
That ye can get anither—
If deaf in that side o' the head,
Just ye gang to the ither !

E'en when ye think ye've tint your skill
Wi' sigh, an' sang, an' sermon,
Let steady perseverance still
Your every act determine.
An' dinna like a statue stan',
An' hum, an' ha', an' swither !—
If deaf in ae side o' the head,
Just ye gang to the ither !

The Huntin' o' the Haws.

Hoo are ye Rab, my honest frien'?
Ye're livin' like, I see;
Come, rest your weary shanks awhile,
Come, rest your thrashin' tree.
Tho' age throws pouter on our pows,
There's honour whaur it fa's;
Come, let us sing when you an' me
Were laddies huntin' haws!

Oh, do ye mind, at screech o' day
Beside the chesnut trees
We met, an' there we buckled up
Our breeks aboon our knees?
Some torn anes, nae doubt; but then,
Oh! what thought we o' braws,
When aff we set, a merry thrang
O' laddies, huntin' haws.

Oh, some were good at archery,
An' some were famed for speed,
An' some could gang upon their han's,
Some stood upon their head;

Some threw a summerset, an' some
Richt ready wi' their paws;
But a' were sworn brithers true
At the huntin' o' the haws.

Oh! wae's me for the cuddy meek,
Whilk fed by the roadside,
When five or sax wee deevils dire
Maun a' get up an' ride.
D'ye mind when hill an' valley
Sent back our loud huzzas,
When twa or three were kickéd aff
At the huntin' o' the haws?

Say, do ye mind our races wild
Round the hill tap's giddy turns—
Our climbings up the rugged rocks,
Our wadin' through the burns?
When 'mang the whins an' hedges
We marched in whistlin' raws,
An' bickered ithers wi' fir-taps,
At the huntin' o' the haws?

Sic loupin' then o'er auld mile-stanes,
Sic harryin' o' bikes,
Sic awfu' tearin' o' our claes,
On roosty auld gate pikes;
Sic banin' o' the cottar wives,
Sic threatenings o' the taws,
For venturin' sae far frae hame,
At the huntin' o' the haws.

Oh, do ye mind when we came near
The warlock's haunted tower,
When we pulled our bonnets o'er our lugs,
An' cleared the gates like stour?
When we thocht we heard a ghostly voice
Cry o'er the crumblin' wa's,
An' a thousand bloodhounds at our heels,
At the huntin' o' the haws.

D'ye mind our glorious brummel feasts,
Where ripe an' thick they grew,
When we ate till mouth, an' cheek, an' chin,
Were red, an' black, an' blue?
When on the high, wild apple-trees
We sat as thick as craws?
Oh! happy hours had we, I ween,
At the huntin' o' the haws.

An', when we a' came merry hame,
How our youthfu' hearts did glow
Wi' our thrilling tales o' Robin Hood,
An' Robinson Crusoe;
O' glorious Bruce and Wallace,
Wha fought in freedom's cause,
The wildwoods rung wi' the sangs we sung
At the huntin' o' the haws.

Dear Rab, some hunt for fortune's smile,
As feckless as a flee;
Some hunt for pleasure in this world,
Whaur a' is vanity:

Some hunt for fame, some hunt for gear,
Some for the world's applause;
But there's few joys like the laddies' joy
At the huntin' o' the haws.

The Widow.

OH, there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain,
Oh, there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain;
Tho' the heart o' this world's as hard as a stane,
Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain!

Tho' totterin' noo like her auld crazy biel,
Her step ance the lichtest on hairst-rig or reel;
Tho' sighs tak' the place o' the heart-cheerin' strain,
Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain!

Tho' humble her biggin, an' scanty her store,
The beggar ne'er yet went unserved frae her door;
Tho' she aft lifts the lid o' her girdle in vain,
Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain!

Tho' thin, thin her locks noo like hill-drifted snaw,
Ance sae glossy an' black like the wing o' the crow;
Tho' grief frae her mild cheek the red rose has ta'en,
Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain!

The sang o' the lark finds the widow asteen,
The birr o' her wheel starts the nicht's dreamy ear;
The tears o'er the tow-tap will whiles fa' like
rain,

Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain!

Ye may hear in her speech, ye may see in her
claes,

That auld Widow Miller has seen better days,
Ere her auld Robin dee'd, sae fond an' sae fain,
Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain!

Oh, sad was the hour when the brave Forty-Twa,
Wi' their wild sounding pipes, marched her callant
awa';

Tho' she schules, feeds, an' eleeds his wee orphan
wean,

Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain!

Ye wild wintry winds, ye blaw surly an' sair
On the heart that is sad, on the wa's that are bare;
When care counts the links o' life's heavy chain,
The poor heart is hopeless that winna complain!

The Sabbath day comes, an' the widow is seen
I' the aisle o' the auld kirk baith tidy an' clean;
Though she aft sits for hours on the mossy grave-
stane,

Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain!

An' then when she turns frae the grave's lanely
sod

To breathe out her soul in the ear o' her God:

What she utters to Him is no kent to ane,

But there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain!

Ye wealthy an' wise in this fair world o' ours,

When your fields wave wi' gowd, your gardens wi'
flowers—

When ye bind up the sheaves, leave out a few grains

To the heartbroken Widow wha never complains!

The Image of the East.

A Bust, by A. H. Ritchie, sculptor, A.R.S.A.

THE eye on beauty ever loves to gaze;
The soul rejoiceth when the heart's at rest,
Yet mourns that earth, so full of pleasant ways,
Should hold a grave within so fair a breast.

Glad thoughts of rapture, harmony, and grace,
To them who love the beautiful are given,
Whilst gazing on this lovely sculptured face,
Fair image of the handywork of Heaven.

Brow, like the beauteous dawn of opening day—
Eyes, like the mingled fire of hawk and dove—
Features, like flowers that with the sunbeams
play—
Sweet lips bedewed with eloquence and love!

Bright dreams of happy days, ye still recall
Some flowery spot, some sunny resting-place;
Ideal beauty mantling over all,
As if an angel's wing had fanned his face.

'Tis wonderful that glorious art can give
Back to the heart the lost—the long away;
'Tis beautiful—the very air doth live,
As if a spirit breathed upon the clay.

Fair form, thou wert a goodly promise sent—
A promise fair of many fruitful years;
But vanished, as the rainbow, newly bent,
Melts into heaven 'mid holy smiles and tears.

The Bleachin'.

Chorus.

HA'E ye been to St Anton's Well,
St Anton's Well, St Anton's Well;
Ha'e ye been to St Anton's Well,
To see the lasses bleachin'?

When summer smiles on Arthur Seat,
When gowan-buds burst at your feet,
Gang ye, to mak' your joys complete,
An' see the lasses bleachin'.
The flowers that bloom, the birds that flee,
The little lammies on the lea,
A' lo'e to hear, a' lo'e to see
The bonnie lasses bleachin'.

On washin' days they whiles look sour,
Cauld irons aften ding them dour;
But see them in a sunny hour,
Sae bonnie at the bleachin'.

Be kind, an' ye'll win heart an' han',
Be rude, an' tak' my word, young man,
They'll drown you wi' a waterin'-pan,
When ye gang to the bleachin'.

There gowans lift their heads fu' braw
An' laughin' cry, "Preserve us a',
Wha ever kent o' summer snaw?"
Sae bonnie is their bleachin'.
The merry lav'rocks i' the lift,
Whilk through the sunbeams shine an' shift,
Resign their music—Heaven's ain gift—
To bonnie lasses bleachin'.

Sic laughin' here, sic daffin' there,
Sic fleein' clouds o' gowden hair;
Sic showers o' love-gifts rich an' rare,
Fa' round us at the bleachin'.
Sic smiles, an' wiles, an' hinny hooks,
Tales sweeter tauld than read in books,
An' oh, sae slee the lovin' looks
That ane gets at the bleachin'.

A heartless wight I ween is he
Wha can look on wi' frozen e'e
On beauty like the graces three,
When busy at the bleachin'.
As lang as dewy fields are green,
As rivers run, or stars are seen;
As lang we'll think o' Beauty's Queen,
An' bonnie lasses bleachin'.

When through the soul love's lightnings flee,
When melts the heart wi' melody,
'Tis sweet in such an hour to be
Beside the lasses bleachin'.
When warldly cares come thick an' thrang,
To prove the virtue o' my sang,
Just join a healthy, hearty thrang
O' bonnie lasses bleachin'.

The Old Town Tree.

Oh, pity me, an old town tree !
I mourn my branches bare ;
I long for the bowers, I sigh for the flowers,
I weep for the sweet fresh air.
No daisy sweet blooms at my feet ;
Hark to my mournful moans ;
Lo ! not a root of mine may shoot—
Hard-hearted paving stones !
I form a shade to a cross old maid,
Who liveth all alone ;
And she calleth me her sweet green-tree,
Her beautiful, her own.
A friendly blow would have laid me low—
Low in the dust—but she
Rushed forth, and sighed, and wept, and cried,
“ Oh, woodman, spare that tree ! ”
But I knew the aim of this old dame :
She only spared my boughs,
My long lank arms, my leafless charms,
To hang up her kitchen clothes.

No shepherd here pipes to his dear,
Nor meets her all alone,
Her charms to mark, for the dogs will bark,
And the watchman cries, "Move on."

Oh, pity me, an old town tree!
Oh, send me the mountain breeze,
Where the lark, sweet bird, in heaven is heard,
And on earth the song of bees.
Oh, for the plain! where the heavy grain
A golden harvest yields;
Oh, send me the wind, that blows so kind
Over the sweet bean-fields.

Oh, pity me, an old town tree!
Within my branches drear,
In the sweet, sweet spring, no bird will sing,
My dewless heart to cheer.
But I know their dread; for o'er my head
Roll clouds of pitchy smoke;
E'en in the prime of my summer time
Here scarce a crow will croak!

Oh, pity me, an old town tree!
No morning star I see;
No lovely noon, no sun, no moon,
No rainbow comforts me.
No music loud, from the thunder-cloud
Rings through my branches now;
Nought fills my ears but horrid "Shears
To grind," or "Caller-ow."

Oh! bear me away to the light of day,
To the flowers in summer pride,
To the dewy grove, from the fiends who drove
A lamp-post in my side.
Oh! send the power of the gentle shower!
Alas! how can I grow,
Or bud and bloom, 'mid cloud and gloom,
In a street called "Rotten Row?"

Oh! grant the bliss of the zephyr's kiss,
The balm when the west winds blow;
Let my green branches bend to greet my friend,
The stream, as it sings below.
Oh! let me prove the sweets of the grove,
With the songs of birds and bees;
Oh! let me bloom near the "bonny broom,"
And rejoice with my kindred trees.

Mary's Bower.

Love whispered to the nightingale—
Sweet minstrel, tell to me,
Where didst thou hear that melting tale
O' matchless melody?
The bird replied—Frae dawn o' day,
To evening's dewy hour,
I ofttimes licht to learn a lay
O' love in Mary's Bower.

Love whispered to the blushing rose—
Sweet flower, come tell me true,
From whence each lovely tint that glows
Thy breast o' beauty through?
The rose replied, wi' blushing brow,
Oh! happy is the flower
That's fed upon the smiles an' dew
O' love in Mary's Bower.

Love whispered to the evening star—
From whence your glory, say,
When burning in your sphere afar,
Ye gem the Milky Way?

The star replied—Though bright my skies,
There's beams o' greater power,
That ever flash from two fair éyes
O' love in Mary's Bower.

Love whispered to the world around,
A holy gift is thine;
The world replied—Where love is found,
Are treasures more divine.
Love told the tale to beating hearts;
And from that sunny hour,
He sends his keenest, brightest darts
O' love frae Mary's Bower.

The Highland Plaid.

WHAT tho' ye ha'e nor kith nor kin,
An' few to tak' your part, love;
A happy hame ye'll ever fin'
Within my glowin' heart, love.
Lo! while I breathe the breath o' life,
Misfortune ne'er shall steer ye;
My Highland plaid is warm an' wide—
Creep closer, my wee dearie!

The thunder loud, the burstin' cloud,
May speak o' ghaists an' witches,
An' spunkie lights may lead puir wichts
Through bogs an' droonin' ditches;
There's no ae imp in a' the host
This nicht will daur come near ye;
My Highland plaid is warm an' wide—
Creep closer, my wee dearie!

Why do you heave sic heavy sighs,
Why do ye sab sae sair, love?
Altho' beneath my rustic plaid
An' earl's star I wear, love,

I wooed ye as a shepherd youth,
And as a queen revere thee;
My Highland plaid is warm an' wide—
Creep closer, my wee dearie!

Sweet May.

THOU'RT fair, sweet May, and young; and yet
Why should I liken thee
To sun, or moon, or bright star set
I' the gowden lift sae hie?
Or to an angel, airy, chaste,
When I content can prove
Joys far mair meet for mortal taste—
A modest maiden's love?

The wild-bee in his flow'ry flight,
Aft tries on cheek, an' lip,
An' loupin' lily breast, to 'light,
Their hinny sweets to sip;
But I will watch the wild-winged chiel
Gets nae sic banquetting,
For the bonnie flower I lo'e sae weel
Maun mourn nae robber's sting.

The glowing sun in matin hour
Sends forth his kindest ray
To kiss my love, the fairest flower
He greets in his glad way.

He little kens, ilk day that daws,
That I first sip the dew—
The balmy dew o' love that fa's
On her ripe rosy mou'.

The little birds, to please my fair,
Their sweetest ditties sing,
As they flit an' flash through sunny air,
Like blossoms on the wing.
But what cares maid for sangs o' birds,
The sweetest ever flew,
When list'ning to love's burning words
Frae a heart that's leal an' true?

Sun, moon, an' stars, how gloriously
Ye licht this world o' ours,
Cheerin' the sang o' the siller sea,
Sweet'nin' the breath o' flowers;
But were it not for friendship's glee,
An' love's soul-glad'nin' licht,
The brightest day—at least to me—
Would be as dark as nicht.

Crabbed Carr.

HENCE! frae my biggin', crabbed care,
Hence, grousome carle, an' never dare
 Show face o' thine
 In hame o' mine.
Go! haunt the ha's o' spite and spleen,
Where Envy, withering witch, is seen;
 But come nae here,
 To spoil our cheer,
Wi' thy sour looks an' prospects drear,
Or faith, ye's get a fright, auld frien'.

Thou knowest I bore me like a saunt,
When your keen biting brother, Want,
 Cam', e'er I wist,
 An' toomed my kist—
He cut my doublet's tender steeks,
Rave saul an' body o' my breeks;
 Syne stole the dew,
 An' roses too,
That bloomed wi' sic a healthy hue,
Frae my wee dearie's lips an' cheeks.

I fought the foul fiend late an' ear',
Wi' swinging flail I thrashed him sair:
 Wi' pick an' spade
 His grauff I made;
While fast before my blithe-gaun plough
Awa' his sooty spirit flew—
 Haith! frien', when he
 Was made to flee
Far frae my humble hame an' me,
I wad be laith to yield to you.

But ere ye flit the road ye cam',
Come, clatterin' bare-banes, tak' a dram;
 'Twill fire a glee
 In your dead e'e—
'Twill ease ye o' your lade o' woes,
An' a buirdly buik ye bear, Guid knows;
 'Twill smooth awa'
 Your brow's rough raw,
An' melt wi' couthy, kindly thaw,
The ice-draps frae your raw red nose.

Care took the cup wi' greedy grup:
Care toomed his coggie at a whup;
 Sine flung his pack
 Aff's baney back,
Whilst glowed his face wi' ruddy flame—
I own, quo' he, I'm e'en to blame;

° But there's my paw,
When neist I ca',
Or show my face in your blithe ha',
I'll turn my coat an' change my name.

There's a Time to Wan.

WITH a heart light and gay,
When to market I stray,
Should you meet me alone,
Don't stop me, I pray.
Lo! the songs that you sing,
And the stories you tell,
 Are all very well
In a fair flow'ry dell;
But keep out of the way
When there's chickens to sell,
 Young chickens to sell!

To sing of the loves
Of the young turtle-doves,
All billing and cooing
In brier-scented woods,
When the sigh of the soul
Makes the heart sink and swell,
 Is all very well
In a fair flow'ry dell;
But keep out of the way
When there's chickens to sell,
 Young chickens to sell!

To sing in your rhymes
Of wedding-day chimes,
If love rules the roast
In these hard-working times,
If content crowns the hut
Where your heart loves to dwell,
 Is all very well
In a fair flow'ry dell;
But keep out of the way
When there's chickens to sell,
 Young chickens to sell!

To say that I wear
Aurora's bright air,
And that sunbeams are weeds
To the links of my hair;
That my voice is as sweet
As a holiday bell,
 Is all very well
In a fair flow'ry dell;
But keep out of the way
When there's chickens to sell,
 Young chickens to sell!

To say that my eyes
Are as bright as the skies—
That the bloom on my cheek
Is the rosebud you prize;
That my step is as light

As the gentle gazelle,
 Is all very well
In a fair flow'ry dell;
But keep out of the way
When there's chickens to sell,
 Young chickens to sell!

But when homeward I go,
When the sun's sinking low,
There's a sweet primrose bank
Near a stile which you know.
There to open the young heart
To love's holy spell,
 Is all very well
In a fair flow'ry dell;
But keep out of the way
When there's chickens to sell,
 Young chickens to sell!

Our Last Good Night.

OUR last good night, our last good night,
Oh! heavy is the grief that falls
Upon the aching heart like blight,
When parting from our father's halls.
The old oak-tree, the ivy walls,
Will ever start to fancy's sight;
And memory sigh when she recalls
The sorrows of our last good night.

Our last good night! the richest prize
Of fortune's favours may be ours;
And we may prove, 'neath sunny skies,
The path that leads through thornless flowers.
Yet tho' we breathe in fragrant bowers,
By blushing beauty's brightest light,
The soul will look through sorrow's showers
To where we breathed our last good night.

Our last good night! tho' wit and glee,
The merry careless hours employ;
Tho' life flows like a sunny sea;
Tho' storm or wreck may ne'er destroy

The tranquil hour; when no alloy
Blends with our mirth when at its height;
Yet tears will dim the cup of joy,
When thinking on our last good night.

Our last good night! come, hope divine,
Come sing a sweet and soothing strain;
Joy whispers, why should we repine,
When grief is death, and tears are vain!
Peace yet within our souls may reign;
And we, with thrilling fond delight,
May clasp the lovely form again,
Who, sighing, breathed our last good night.

The Flower o' Glencoe.

OH! dear to my heart are my heather-clad mountains,

An' the echoes that burst from their caverns below,

The wild woods that darken the face of their fountains—

The haunts of the wild deer an' fleet-footed roe:

But dearer to me is the bower o' green bushes

That flowers the green bank where the Tay gladly gushes,

For there, all in tears, an' deep crimsoned wi' blushes,

I won the young heart o' the Flower o' Glencoe.

Contented I lived in my canty auld biggin',

Till Britain grew wud wi' the threats o' a foe,

Then I drew my claymore frae the heather-clad riggin',

My forefathers wielded some cent'ries ago.

An' though Mary kent weel that my heart was nae
ranger,
Yet the thoughts o' my wa'gaun, the dread an' the
danger
O' famine and death in the land o' the stranger,
Drave the bloom frae the cheek o' the Flower o'
Glencoe.

But success crowned our toils—ye ha'e a' heard the
story,
How we beat the proud French, an' their eagles
laid low.
I've walth o' war's wounds, an' a share o' its glory,
An' the love o' auld Scotland wherever I go.
Come, now fill the wine-cup! let love tell the mea-
sure;
Toast the maid of your heart, an' I'll pledge you
with pleasure;
Then a bumper I claim to my heart's dearest trea-
sure—
The fair-bosomed, warm-hearted Flower o'
Glencoe.

The Minstrel.

THE Minstrel on his native heath !
How full his glee,
When roars around, above, beneath,
The tempest wild and free—
When the torrent foams and flashes,
And, with the lightning's speed,
Down the deep valley dashes
Like a powerful steed !
The fire of the bursting cloud,
Wild winds and waving wood,
Dark rock and roaring flood,
The Minstrel loves full well.

The Minstrel, in his native vale,
'Neath the sweet light
Of blushing beauty, breathes a tale
Of love and fond delight.
At freedom's call, in danger's hour,
Love's fair and rosy chain
He can unbind, to prove the power
Of his brave arm again:—

Grim death, war's wasting toil,
He meets with a fearless smile,
For the fame of his dear-loved isle
The Minstrel loves full well.

But mark the merry Minstrel now,
Amid the throng
Of kindred spirits, and the flow
Of soul and happy song—
And mark the maiden by his side,
Both young and fair is she:
Behold him in his hour of pride,
Of bright and boundless glee:—
The wine-cup in his hand
He drains to his native land:
For his harp and his hardy brand
The Minstrel loves full well.

Dearest.

'Tis morn! young daylight, streaming
Through green leaves, gladdens the nest
Where the woodland doves lie dreaming
Soft and soundly, breast to breast.
Soft flowery fragrance wreathes
Round wood and mossy grove,
Like the balmy breath when breathes
Thy dewy lips of love—
Dearest!

'Tis morn, and lo! the mountains,
In their summer light arrayed,
Rejoice!—and, hark! the fountains
Sending sweet songs through the glade:—
I listen when the streamlet sings—
When its melting melody
Of tender beauty breaks, and brings
Pure thoughts, dear thoughts of thee—
Dearest!

'Tis morn! the blithe seed-sower
Seems proud that his task's begun;
Whilst the scythe of the strong hay-mower
Laughs back to the morning sun!
The milkmaid bows her head, and wrings
Bright dew from her long black hair;
The lark soars high in heaven, and flings
Glad songs to the sunny air—
Dearest!

But what to me are summer's flowers,
When thou art all so fair,
The stream's glad song, or dewy bowers,
If I may not meet thee there;
Or the beauteous stars, tho' each lovely one
I've marked in the deep blue skies—
If I may not fondly look upon
The beauty of thine eyes!
Dearest!

Then awake! awake, my fairest,
My bosom's fondest choice;
Awake! by the love thou bearest,
For O! to hear thy voice,
To breathe thy honeyed breath, to feel
The bliss each draught inspires,
To have thy love, and know thy weal,
Is all my soul desires—
Dearest!

Dear Maid of Erin.

DEAR Maid of Erin, young and fair,
Thy form, which proves the work divine—
Thy face so full of beauty rare—
Thy rich, ripe lip—thy long black hair,
Have so bewitched this heart of mine,
That I could pour, thou maiden sweet,
My life's tide at thy gentle feet,
That I might prove
How true the love
My aching bosom bears for thee—
Then, dearest, say that thou wilt be
My Norah—my own dear Norah!

Nay, start not, like the young wild roe
When the hunter's hurried step is near;
Fly not like arrow from the bow,
Or thistle-down when tempests blow,
For I do swear my love's sincere;
Then give me thine—that peace and rest
May live once more in my sad breast.

Lo! night and day
I pine away
With truest, fondest love for thee;—
Then, dearest, say that thou wilt be
My Norah—my own dear Norah!

Thus did I woo; when Norah fair
Looked in my face a moment after,
To add to my poor bosom's care
She made hill, vale, and sunny air
Ring with her peals of merry laughter.
“Thou stupid-looking fool!” cried she,
“Give me more love and less of poetry?
You seem to fear me;
Can't you come near me?—
If all be true thou'st sworn to me,
Go get the priest, and I shall be
Your Norah—your own kind Norah!”

. The Puzzle.

IT puzzled me lang how auld grannie could ken,
Whan my laddie cam' courtin' at e'en O!
For she sleeps in the but an' I in the ben,
An' she's no easy waukened, I ween O!
What though he seals a' his vows wi' a kiss,
Though I ban a wee at the sin O!
And tell him sic freedoms I take aye amiss,—
After a' we make little din O!

True, mony a lang winter night we hae spent;
But sae slee as he aye slipt awa' O!
I wondered for lang how the auld carlin' kent
When my lover was wi' me ava O!
At length it came out that my granny sae trig
In secret was courtin' hersel' O!
And the place where I faund the auld minister's wig
Tauld mair than I'm willin' to tell O!

The Farewell.

HAPPY the hearts that did not beat
In the gloomy old guard-room,
Where many a weeping maid and wife
Bewailed a hopeless doom.
There fast, fast, fell my own hot tears,
When they told me I must stay,
With a breaking heart, in a homeless land,
And my true love far away.

The route came to our warlike camp;
I sought our chieftain's hall;
I found the proud one, and before
His dark stern face did fall:—
“O! part not me and mine!” I cried;
But coldly answered he—
“Weeper, away! we may not take
Such silly things as thee.”

The marching hour it came at last:
How gaily their banners flew;
Loud rolled the mighty thundering drum,
And wild the bugles blew;

Whilst thousands to their windows rushed
The stirring sight to see,
Shouting "Success to Britain's arms!"
O! mournful sounds for me!

Loud shouted still the multitude,
As played the merry band,
Until they reached the strong war-ship
Beside the stormy strand;
There, then, amid their ranks I rushed,
My last farewell to take,
To kiss his manly cheek, and breathe
A prayer for his dear sake.

How close unto his heart I clung!
How much I had to say!
When, loud amidst the mustering ranks,
The bugles sung, "Away!"
And away they bore him—O! my soul
That long, that farewell cheer,
Rung like the knell of a thousand deaths
Deep in my startled ear.

I saw no more—I felt no more,
For one long day and night;
Till, waking from a dreadful dream
Of death and cruel fight,
I called on him I loved to hear;
But he I loved was gone,
And I a wretched mourner was,
In tears, and all alone.

The Aching Heart.

O! GIN I were the balmy sleep
That softly seals young Phœbe's e'e,
When soothed by slumbers warm and deep,
Sic visions in her dreams wad be
As angels might be blithe to see.

Then I would ope my aching heart,
My aching heart, that Phœbe fair
Might see in every troubled part
Her own sweet image smiling there,
Like sunshine on a cloud of care.

A Toast.

THE year's wearin' fast to her lang hame at last,
Yet I don't take the news very sadly,
For I ken twa or three honest folks mair than me
Whilk the carlin has used rather badly.
Auld fleet-fleeing Time's no theme o' my rhyme,
Nor a fool's nor an auld woman's fable,
But a bumper I claim—you will all pledge the
same—

To our host at the head of the table!

If honour and worth be the gems of the earth,
If virtue sheds beauty upon her,
If a true honest heart be a man's brightest part,
Our host wears the badges of honour!
And whilst we sit here, 'mid his smiles and his
cheer,
Flowing free as the rich streams o' Babel,
Our quaichs we will drain, wishing, "Long may he
reign
The pride o' his hame and his table!

And ever green be the fair leaves o' his tree;

And, when winter's wild blasts blow the sorest,
May his young branches here ever shelter and
cheer

Their own father oak of the forest!"

And this night let dull Care show her face if she
dare,

She'll find us both willing and able
To fill her blin' fou—to gag up her mou—
And banish her far from our table!

Fill, fill for a toast, may it never be crost

The kind social mood we have met in;
May the sun that shines bright on our circle to-
night

Know no cloud till the hour of his settin';
May the heart's strongest prop, the anchor of hope,
Never slip from each hardy Scotch cable:
And now with one heart let us pledge, ere we part,
"Our kind host at the head of the table!"

A Guid New Year!

A GUID New Year! a blithe New Year!

A wishin' time o' joy!

To a' our friends, wi' lasting gifts

Auld Time can ne'er destroy.

A Guid New Year!—the flittin' things,

How fast they flee us a'!

A Guid New Year to a' our friends,

At hame an' far awa'!

A Guid New Year! a blithe New Year!

Whate'er the past has been,

May this year, wi' a blessin', prove

The best that we ha'e seen!

A Guid New Year, on hearts sincere

May sorrows seldom ca';

A Guid New Year to a' our friends,

At hame an' far awa'!

A Guid New Year, to them wha read

What Truth loves to indite!

A Guid New Year, to features black,

An' eke to faces white!

A Guid New Year to gowden locks,
An' haffets like the snaw!
A Guid New Year to a' our friends,
At hame an' far awa'!

He's daft wha grumbles when he finds
Sharp thorns on life's highway;
He's dafter still wha thinks the sun
Will bless him every day!
We sometimes find the stormy hour
The sweetest o' the twa!
A Guid New Year to a' our friends,
At hame an' far awa'!

He's wise wha marrows wi' content,
Though in a rustic biel',
Whaur Virtue an' her sister Thrift
Sit at their birrin' wheel!
Whaur Independence casts his coat,
An' honour reads the law!
A Guid New Year to a' our friends,
At hame an' far awa'!

A Guid New Year to him wha tak's
The beam frae his ain e'e,
Before he cries to a' the warld,
"My brither canna see!"
'Tis Charity alone can view
Aricht the earthly flaw;
A Guid New Year to a' our friends,
At hame an' far awa'!

- A Guid New Year to feelin' hearts,
Wha help the poor and weak !
A Guid New Year to open hands,
That dry the tearfu' cheek !
A Guid New Year to sauls wha shield
The back that's to the wa' !
A Guid New Year to a' our friends,
At hame an' far awa' !
A Guid New Year, wi' three times three,
To ilka honest chiel'
Wha likes to hear, wha likes to see,
His brither doin' weel !
Awa' wi' weathercocks wha turn
Wi' a the winds that blaw.
A Guid New Year to a' our friends,
At hame an' far awa' !
A Guid New Year to them wha plough
The land, where'er it be !
A Guid New Year to breasts that heave
Wi' the heavin' o' the sea !
Lang may the anchor an' the plough
Be Fortune's favourite twa !
A Guid New Year to a' our friends,
At hame an' far awa' !
A Guid New Year to Science clear !
May Error's drumly nicht
Ne'er cloud the willin' soarin' soul
That struggles for the licht !

But may the beams o' knowledge fair

Aye round his footsteps fa'!

A Guid New Year to a' our friends,

At hame an' far awa'!

A Guid New Year to Scotland dear—

The mither o' the brave,

The matchless on the battle-field,

The dauntless on the wave!

In Freedom's glorious struggle still

The first to fecht or fa'!

A Guid New Year to a' her sons,

At hame an' far awa'!

A Guid New Year! a blithe New Year!

May mirth an' melody,

An' love an' honour, ever licht

The fire o' Beauty's e'e!

May truth an' manhood hold as nought

Hoo Fortune kicks her ba'!

A Guid New Year to a' our friends,

At hame an' far awa'!

Gosford Woods.

OFt have I dreamt of fairy lands,
Of isles like stars o'er ocean seen;
Of gaz'd with joy on aerial bands,
Blithe dancing on the flow'ry green;
But fancy never drew a scene,
Or wove a dream to me so bright,
As that sweet sunny hour, I ween,
When Gosford charmed my wond'ring sight.
Hail, lonely groves! Hail, lovely lakes!
Hail, shell-built grottos rare to see!
Hail, flowers and birds, whose music makes
The heart rejoice with Nature's glee.
Hail, merry sea-fowl—flying free,
Or floating to your island home—
Ye sail like sunbeams o'er the sea,
Gilding with gold the silvery foam!
When first thy charms enchant the view,
Filling the soul with pure delight,
We deem sweet Nature never drew,
With Heav'n-taught hand, so fair a sight!

If fancy loves a flow'ry flight,
Here may her glad wings fleetly flee,
Feasting on dainties day and night,
And neither cloyed nor weary be!

Had fickle fortune willed my lot,
To live 'mid beauties such as thine,
To glad my sight with each fair spot—
To own the Architect—divine!

What countless pleasures would be mine,
To roam thy lovely bowers among;
To dream of summer sweets, and twine
Thy praises with my daily song.

Summer Thoughts among the Hills.

LORD of the glorious universe! to Thee,
Upon the mighty hills, we bend the knee,
Adoring low, and through the soul-shed tear
Survey thy vernal beauties far and near!
Lord of all life! Thy wondrous works surround
me!

Lord of all love! Thy wondrous works confound
me!

Lord of all joy! a holy spell hath bound me
To Nature's charms, though many cares doth wound
me.

Lord of rich gifts! with joy the heart leaps up,
Thy love, thy power, thy goodness all to trace,
From daisy bed, blue-bloom, and butter-cup,
To the great glory of Thy dwelling-place!
Lord of all beauty! let me bow before Thee!
Lord of all mercy! let my soul adore Thee!
Oh! that our hearts of dust one hour could prove
The holy breathings of immortal love!

The sin-stained soul for one bright moment
free,

To kiss the garment-hem of Deity!

Or mortal eye could unconfounded trace

The burning glory of a Saviour's face;

Who took the crown of glory from his head,

The star-light from his feet, the earth to tread;

Who to the Godhead cried, "Forgive! forgive!"

Great Father, let me die, that man may live!

Who made the moon, who made the sun to shine,

Types of eternal power and love divine!

Who to the tempest saith, "It is my will,

Winds, and ye waters wild, that ye be still;"

Who by green pastures leads his gentle flock;

Whose power, whose goodness, struck the stubborn
rock;

Who saw the sons of men in dire distress,

Who fed them in the dreary wilderness;

Who, loving man, did bow his holy head,

Who cried on Calvary, "It is finished!"

Who lighted up the stars of Galilee;

Who made the dumb mouth speak—the sightless
see;

Who walked the waters wild; who spoke and rent
The temple of the godless with a breath;

Who cried unto the dead, "Come forth!"—who
bent

The bow of Hope, and took the sting from
Death!

Speak of the Lord, thou lightning-crested cloud!
Speak of the Lord, ye thunders deep and loud!
Ye mighty waters sounding on the shore,
Speak of the Lord!—the Lord for evermore!
Speak of the Lord, ye mighty hills! and ye
Far-flashing lightnings, as ye fiercely flee,
Speak of the Lord! Speak of the Lord to me,
Thou glorious eagle, with thy wings of might,
Breathing of heaven, and drinking holy light!
Ye things that creep, ye monsters of the sea,
Speak of the Lord—speak of the Lord to me!
Thou son of man lift up thy kingly brow,
Clothed in the form of God thou breathest
now!

Lo! standing on thy landmark great and free,
Speak of the Lord—speak of the Lord to me!
Woman, sweet type of harmony and grace!
Woman, sweet smile upon creation's face!
Thou flower, thou star, thou ever fruitful tree—
Speak of the Lord—speak of the Lord to me!
Ye little children with glad sunny eyes—
Gems of the earth, heirs of the sinless skies—
The hosts of heaven are likened unto thee—
Speak of the Lord—speak of the Lord to me!
All gentle things—pure heart of opening flower—
Sweet fragrant breathings from the hawthorn
bower—

Soft down on breast of gentle mother dove—
Speak of the Lord—speak of the Lord of love!

Ye mountain flowers the morning loves to deck
With dewy jewels round each fragrant neck!
Ye streams, when singing Nature's summer
glee—

Speak of the Lord—speak of the Lord to me!
Ye mighty oaks that on the mountains grow,
Ye trees that rich, and heavy-laden bow
Your heads with fruits, where living waters flow,
So sweet to taste, so passing fair to see—
Speak of the Lord—speak of the Lord to me!
Ye flocks and herds that on green pastures feed,
Ye milk-white roes, limbed with the lightning's
speed,

Ye deers that dash the dark deep forest through,
Bees, birds, and herbs, and drops of gentle dew,
Children of love, and mirth, and melody—
Speak of the Lord—speak of the Lord to me!
Ye ocean waters, rocks, and barren ground,
Ye mighty tempests, make a joyful sound,
Ye roaring winds that worship as ye flee,
Speak of the Lord—speak of the Lord to me!
Ye stars of heaven, when whispering to your
light,

“Watchmen, what of the night? what of the
night?”—

Bright lamps for ever trimmed, by virgins lit—
Letters of God, with which his love is writ—
Dust of his feet—smiles of eternity—
Speak of the Lord—speak of the Lord to me!

Yea, ye have spoken with a mighty voice;
Yea, ye have spoken, let the earth rejoice;
Yea, ye have spoken ! Lord, upon my face,
I thank thee for the soul's dwelling-place
Upon the earth, and for its hopes divine !
The work is of thy hands—the glory all be thine !

Hail.

(THE SEAT OF LORD COCKBURN.)

LOVERS of the glorious prime,
Of the glowing summer time,
Hail with joy the genial mirth,
And vernal beauties of the earth!
Hail sweet summer with a joy
Winter cares could ne'er destroy;
Hail the rapture, hail the pleasure,
Hail the bliss that knows no measure:
Hail the feelings, fresh and gay,
That ever welcome dewy May!
Hail the morning's merry looks—
Hail songs of birds, and bees, and brooks!
Hail the glory of bright noon,
Hail it as a holy boon!
Hail the beauty of the night,
With thy soul's eternal light;
Hail the golden clouds that pour
On infant buds their christ'ning shower;
Hail with love the glowing ranks
Of primrose flowers on mossy banks;

Hail with mirth the "bonny broom!"
Sweet blue-bell, and heather bloom;
Hail each lovely laughing row
Of lilies fair, that sweetly blow
Where sleepy streamlets gently flow;
Hail the fragrant dew-bathed beds,
Where daisies lift their sunny heads
From the grass, with dew tears wet,
Like diamond studs in silver set;
Hail the light we love to see
Streaming through the old oak-tree,
Beaming on the beauteous breast
Of turtle dove in downy nest!
Hail the crystal of the stream,
Wherein, like fragments of a dream
Dreamt in childhood, we behold
The merry trout with scales of gold
When dazzling shifting showers are shed,
Of beauty o'er its pebbly bed;
When, like a bird with silver wings,
From bank or dripping rock it springs;
Hail mighty hill and solemn wood,
Hail dreamy lake and roaring flood,
Where the glowing fancy wings
Her flight in high imaginings,
Culling sweets from every clime—
Soul-cheering song and sights sublime;
There, when the thrills of purest love
And joy the heart's deep fountains move—

When upward springs our hopes of heaven,
When fears and foes are backward driven—
When the knee is earthward bent,
When the soul is heavenward sent—
Give thanks to God, the Lord of all
The wonders of earth's beauteous ball!

Lovers of the glorious prime,
Of the glorious summer time—
Ye who ever love to trace
The smiles upon creation's face—
Go seek Bonaly's calm retreats,
Go prove Bonaly's vernal sweets!
The weary wight that wanders here,
May hail what patriot hearts revere—
The glowing hill, the rocky steep,
The castle old like Highland keep;
The dream that glows with banners flying,
When freedom fights, her foes defying,
Fierce as the fires volcanoes fling,
Dark as the earthquake's dismal shroud,
Bright as the blaze when lightnings wing
Their wild flight through the thunder-cloud;
The rattling of the iron hail
That rings upon the hardy mail,
The combat keen with spear and brand,
Fought foot to foot, and hand to hand;
The brave deed done for Scotland's right,
The watchfires blazing through the night;

The blast of bugle wild and shrill,
The answering cheer from hill to hill;—
Thank God! we have but dreams of these!
Thank God! the sweet realities
Are welcomes warm and words sincere,
Lovely smiles and hearty cheer;
Glad greetings from a chief whose mind
And heart are ever warm and kind!

Here Fancy oft will leave her towers
In heaven, to sleep in earthly bowers,
Dreaming through glad summer hours,
Learning the language of the flowers;
Think of the tale the lovely rose
Of love and beauty could disclose,
From the sunny hour when first
A little laughing bud it burst;
How it blushed when older grown,
Deeper still when fuller blown;
How it trembled when it knew
Its heaving breast held gentle dew,
 And happy life begun;
How on the fragrant mossy bank
It oped its honey heart, and drank
 The kisses of the sun;
How it would sing of that glad morn
And sunny hour, when it was torn
From all its budding kindred sweet,
And for a lover's offering meet,

Was flung at a young beauty's feet;
How proud would be the flower to tell,
How its young heart did sweetly swell
With joy, when first it fondly pressed
Its soft leaves to a maiden's breast;
How, nursed with pure warm love, it lay
Upon her heart a summer day—
There from her beating bosom drew
Sweeter life than draughts of dew,
Brighter beams from her glad eyes
Than ever lit the starry skies,
And, when gently breathed upon,
Sweeter fragrance than its own!
And, could the little, modest, meek,
Fair "crimson-tippéd" daisy speak,
How it would tell that long it lay
Beneath the snow, and oft did pray
For light; and how a friendly ray,
Wandering through the morning air,
Heard the gentle daisy's prayer,
And brought it forth to smile among
The fairest flowers in sweetest song.

Lovers of the glorious prime,
Of the glowing summer time,
When Nature's hand hath been so free,
So bountiful to thine and thee,
Oh! largely love, and freely grant,
Ye who have, to those who want;

And, ere another blessed spring
Of beams and buds to us return,
May all life's cares be on the wing,
Leaving neither tear nor sting,
Nor bleeding heart behind to mourn!
Then how the grateful heart will glow,
Fearless of winter's withering woe;
And then, with love without alloy,
With glorious draughts of summer joy,
Our souls will overflow.

The Vanished Light.

Written by the grave of Lord Francis Jeffrey, on the day of his interment,
in the Dean Cemetery, near Edinburgh, January, 1850.

A FIRE is quenched—a star is set—
A flower is dead—a tree is low,
Beneath whose shade the Graces met,
And threw o'er earth a heavenly glow.

Mourn, genius, mourn, in every land,
With bosom stricken to the core;
Mourn, weep, and mourn—the great, the grand
In heart and soul is now no more.

Come, twine a garland for the dead,
Beneath truth's bright and burning sky,
Bedewed with love's tears warmly shed,
And heavenly thrills of sympathy.

Mourn him, fair Nature, weep and mourn;
There breathed few sons of Adam's race
Who better could thy works adorn,
Or paint the beauties of thy face.

Lord of the earth, and sea, and sky,
Comfort his kindred, mourning here ;
For him grief heaves her saddest sigh,
And sorrow sheds her brightest tear.

A fire is quenched—a star is set—
A flower is dead—a tree is low,
Beneath whose shade the Graces met,
And threw o'er earth a heavenly glow.

The Flowers of May.

WHEN youthful hearts are fondly turning
To the sunny side of things;
When youthful souls are glowing, burning,
With Fancy's high imaginings;
When youthful lips are blessing, breathing
Balmy airs; when hands are wreathing
Garlands for the glorious shrine
Of summer, singing, as they twine,
"How sweet, how fresh, how glad, how gay,
How welcome, are the Flowers of May!"

When life's sweet spring is full of gladness,
Full of visions bright and new;
When pleasure, like a joyous madness,
Thrills the throbbing bosom through;
When the honeysuckle wins
A smile from Betty as she spins;
When laughing lilies twine around
The rustic porch, with ivy bound,
With bee and butterfly at play—
How welcome are the Flowers of May!

When the wanderer's houseless head
Lies shelterless upon the moor;
When, for a crust of sorrow's bread,
He knocketh at the peasant's door;
When his rags are thin and mean,
Robes that better days had seen;
When sorrow heaves a heartsick sigh;
When roads are long, and hills are high,
And home and friends are far away—
How welcome are the Flowers of May!

When widows' eyes are weary weeping
Tears that fall like thunder rain,
O'er the loved and lost, sound sleeping,
To know no waking hour again;
When the sweet daisy lifts its head,
Like a kind letter from the dead;
When the mourner hails the token
On the grave as kind word spoken,
Soothing and sweet, from kindred clay—
How welcome are the Flowers of May!

When childhood's laughing cheeks are glow-
ing,
Like the fruit on cherry-trees;
When the merry winds are blowing
Tiny barks o'er tiny seas;
When the shepherd o'er the stile
Sings, to win the milkmaid's smile,

Whilst she, deep blushing at love's tale,
Forgets to fill her milking-pail—
To rustic glee and wedding day,
How welcome are the Flowers of May!

When the minstrel's glowing lyre
Rings o'er hill or flowery grove;
When the strings are struck with fire
From the lightning powers of love!
When Beauty, o'er her fortune pondering,
Sighing, musing, weeping, wondering,
Dreaming of love in lonely isle,
When glows her blushing blood the while—
To her fond musings, sad or gay,
How welcome are the Flowers of May!

Awake! awake! from wintry dreams.
Seek music by the singing rills;
Seek gladness by the gushing streams;
Seek glory on the mighty hills!
Seek health where mountain breezes blow;
Seek wealth where blushing roses grow;
Seek peace and love's enchanting charms
In mother Nature's glowing arms,
And find with rapture, as ye stray,
How welcome are the Flowers of May!

A Soldier's Memorial.

Bust, by A. Handyside Ritchie, A.R.S.A., of Lieutenant Henry Veitch, 25th Regiment (King's Own Borderers), who died at Bangalore, East Indies, 7th March, 1850, aged 23.

WE mourn thy early fate, brave youth;
We bless the science rare,
The sculptor's cunning hand, that made
Thy form his loving care.
Oh! who may tell the griefs that wrung
Thy kindred's hearts the day
That quenched thy youthful fire, and gave
Thy manly form to clay?

We mourn to see the mountain stream
Freeze at the fountain head!
We mourn to see the eagle in
His first bold flight struck dead!
We mourn to see the stormy cloud
Eclipse the morning's ray,
Whose dawning glory promised fair
To bless the summer day.

We mourn to see the beauteous flower,
When blushing young and warm,
Die by untimely blast, whose buds
Were opening but to charm;
But deeper mourn to see a youth,
In manhood's blushing bloom,
Bowing to stern fate, go down
To the untimely tomb.

We mourn to see the gallant ship,
With her brave and dauntless crew,
Sinking beneath the crashing storm,
With the promised land in view.
We mourn to see the soldier brave,
To friends and country dear,
Depart the very hour when love
And laurel-wreaths were near.

A Royal Welcome.

Lo ! a dream of other days
With glory fills the sight,
With the soul-enchanting blaze,
Of beauty, love, and light:
Let the genius of the land,
Where ancient faith is strong,
Of the lovely and the grand,
This day give in glad song
A welcome to Victoria!
Our Queen—the fair, the good !
A welcome to Victoria
To ancient Holyrood !

Let our hills, and valleys low,
Echo old Ossian's strains,
For the blood of Bruce doth flow
Like glory through her veins;
Let our towers of matchless art
Their thousand charms display;
And let Scotland's lion heart,
All glowing, give this day
A welcome to Victoria !
Our Queen—the fair, the good !
A welcome to Victoria
To ancient Holyrood !

Now, old Holyrood, rejoice;
Let Beauty fill thy halls,
Wear thy looks of ancient glory,
Hang banners on thy walls!
Now, old Holyrood, rejoice,
Rejoice in thy renown,
Thou hold'st this day the sweetest Queen
That ever wore a crown:
A welcome to Victoria!
Our Queen—the fair, the good!
A welcome to Victoria
To ancient Holyrood!

The Hills of Breadalbane.

HURRAH, for the Hills of Breadalbane!

Hurrah, for the soul-stirring sight!

Hurrah, for the hopes of the patriot's soul,

When he looks on their beauty and might!

Hurrah, for the lightnings that flash

Their fires on the face of the lake!

Hurrah, for the thunders round lofty Ben Lawers!

Hurrah, for the music they make!

Then, here's to the Hills of Breadalbane—

The snow-clad, the green, and the gray!

Where the proud eagle mirrors the wings of
his might,

In the bright-beaming breast of Loeh Tay!

Sing, hurrah, for the haunts of the deer,

Down the glens where the wild rivers run!

Hurrah, for their joy when they leap o'er the hills,

Like the beams of the morning sun!

Sing, hurrah for the fleet-footed roe!

Hurrah, for the life and the light

Of their glad glowing eyes, when they break through
the mist,

Like stars through the shadows of night!

Then, here's to the Hills of Breadalbane—

The snow-clad, the green, and the gray,

Where the proud eagle mirrors the wings of
his might

In the bright-beaming breast of Loch Tay!

Sheath the sword.

Chorus.

SHEATH the sword, brothers; sheath the sword;
Go, let your glory be to shield and save!
Sheath the sword, brothers; sheath the sword—
The merciful, the merciful alone are brave!

Sheath the sword, brothers; league your souls with
mine

In truth and fellowship, as souls should be!
Where is man's Charter? where his right divine,
To slay his brother, or to chain the free?
Sheath the sword, &c.

Why fight for fame? why fight for blood-stained
fame?

Why fight for praise, that blights like upas air?
Why fight for glory? when an honest name
Is the brightest jewel that a man can wear.
Sheath the sword, &c.

Why fight for creeds? God's great command is
given

To shield, to shelter, for sweet Mercy's sake:
When onward pressing to the prize in heaven,
Brothers, why fight about the road ye take?
Sheath the sword, &c.

Sheath the sword, brothers; league your souls with
mine:

The earth is beautiful, let us enjoy!
To love our neighbour is our right divine,
When peace is holy, why should man destroy?

Sheath the sword, brothers; sheath the sword;
Go, let your glory be to shield and save!
Sheath the sword, brothers; sheath the sword—
The merciful, the merciful alone are brave!

A Wint to Sorrou.

THOUGH the sun's in the sea, lads, the moon
drowned in drift,

Though stormy clouds darken the lights o' the lift,
O' the cauld blasts o' life we can aye bear our share—

Sae, the back o' the door, lads, to sorrow an' care,

To sorrow an' care, to sorrow an' care;

Sae, the back o' the door, lads, to sorrow an' care.

Though the feck o' mankind are a fause, fickle set,
Why should we brak' down, lads, though whiles
we may get

Baith the heels o' a frien' or the frowns o' the fair?

Let the licht feathers flee, lads, wi' sorrow an' care!

Wi' sorrow an' care, wi' sorrow an' care;

Let the licht feathers flee, lads, wi' sorrow an' care!

When guilt an' oppression mak' richt bow to wrang,
When virtue fa's faint, lads, an' tyrants get strang,
When freedom's bauld banner droops laigh in
despair—

We can draw to defend, lads, in spite o' a care,

In spite o' a' care, in spite o' a' care;

We can draw to defend, lads, in spite o' a' care.

Come fortune, wi' favours the sweetest ye ha'e;
Come sad disappointment, as sour as a slae;
But grief's gloomy troop o' fell darkness we dare;
Sae, the back o' the door, lads, to sorrow an' care,
 To sorrow an' care, to sorrow an' care;
Sae, the back o' the door, lads, to sorrow an' care.

Our fond hearts can beat, an' our glad souls can
 glow,
Though the feast be na' spread, though the wine
 mayna flow;
We can still help a frien', an', to lichten his care,
Tak' his pack on our back, tho' we bumper nae mair,
 Bumper nae mair, bumper nae mair;
Tak' his pack on our back, tho' we bumper nae mair.

Then let us rejoice in this fair world o' ours:
Though there's plenty o' rank weeds, there's some
 bonnie flowers,
An' a kin' sunny heart mak's the darkest day fair;
Sae, the back o' the door, lads, to sorrow an' care,
 To sorrow an' care, to sorrow an' care;
Sae, the back o' the door, lads, to sorrow an' care!

Tibby and the Laird.

AULD Robin, our laird, thought o' changin' his life,
But he didna weel ken whaur to wale a gude wife.
A plump quean had he, wha had served him for years:
"Ho, Tibby!" he cried. Lo! douce Tibby appears.
"Sit down," said the laird; "ye are wanted awae."
"Very weel, sir," quo' Tibby, "sae let it be."

"Noo, Tibby," quo' he, "there's a queer rumour
rins,
Through the hail country-side, that there's naebody
spins,
Bakes, washes, or brews, wi' sic talents as you;
An' what a'boday says, ye ken, maun be true,
Sae ye ought to be gratefu' for their courtesie."
"Very weel, sir," quo' Tibby, "sae let it be."

"Noo, it seemeth but just an' richt proper to me,
That ye milk your ain cow 'neath your ain fig-tree;
That a servant sae thrifty a gude wife will mak',
Is as clear as daylight, sae a man ye maun tak',
Wha will laud ye as dear as the licht o' his e'e."
"Very weel, sir," quo' Tibby, "sae let it be."

“The pearl may be pure, Tib, though rough be the shell—

Sae I’m determined to wed ye mysel’—

An’ a’ that a lovin’ an’ leal heart can grant

O’ this warld’s wealth, lass, troth, ye shall nae want;

Sae a kiss to the bargain ye maun gi’e to me.”

“Very weel, sir,” quo’ Tibby, “sae let it be.”

The weddin’-day come, wi’ bride-cake an’ bans,

Fand Tib i’ the kitchen, ’mang tubs, pats, an’ pans.

“Bless me,” quo’ the laird, “what on earth hauds
you here?”

Our frien’s a’ are met, in their braw bridal gear;

Ye maun busk in your best, lass, an’ that speedily.”

“Very weel, sir,” quo’ Tibby, “sae let it be.”

When the blessin’ was said, an’ the feastin’ was done,
Tib crap to her bed i’ the garret aboon.

When she heard the laird’s fit, an’ his tap at her door,

She wondered—he ne’er took sic freedoms before.

“Come, Tibby, my lass, ye maun listen to me.”

“Very weel, sir,” quo’ Tibby, “sae let it be.”

“Noo, Tibby, ye ken, we were wedded this nicht,

An’ that ye should be here, haith, I think is no richt.

It canna be richt; for, when women an’ men

Are wedded, they ought to be bedded, ye ken.

Sae come doon the stair, Tib, an’ e’en sleep wi’ me.”

“Very weel, sir,” quo’ Tibby, “sae let it be!”

The Merry Cottagers.

MY heart leaps wi' a fond delight—

My soul glows wi' a gladsome glee;
Fair fancy wings a blither flight,

Whilst kinder, dearer grows to me
The bonnie blink o' Beauty's e'e!

The grasp o' Friendship's hearty hand!
Amid the merry scenes we see

I' the cottage homes o' auld Scotland!

Ye, fleet in Fortune's reckless race,

O! would ye rein the steeds ye ride
Mair aft, that ye may licht an' grace

The humble cottar's ingle-side!
What love, what joy would greet you there!

Your duty, to their worth fulfillin'
Would lichten labour, banish care,
Mak' heart, an' head, an' hands mair willing.

There modest, blushin', native truth

Would charm ye wi' her artless story;
Time-honoured eild an' sprightly youth
Would stand in native grace before ye.

Grant to their worth the love I claim,
An' this rude, simple sang I sing ye
Will win the nearer to its aim,
The closer to their hearths I bring ye.

Lo! on the bonnie banks o' Ayr,
Stands auld Rab Boswell's cantie biggin'—
May storms ne'er strip its rafters bare,
Nor ruin ride upon the riggin';
That cozie, heather-theekit cot,
Rab's great grandfather's sire was born in;
There, Rab himsel' brak' frae the shell,
Ae merry, rantin', New-Year's-mornin'.

O! did ye see the butt, the ben,
Aye neat an' clean as hands can mak' it;
Wi' a pear-tree at its gable en'—
Twa, lade wi' apples, at the back o't.
The rose and honeysuckle sweet,
Wi' lilies, round the lattice twineth;
What trembling tints o' glory meet,
When through their leaves the glad sun shineth!

Beneath the mossy auld brig stane,
Blithe sings the merry mountain burnie;
Richt glad an' gay it wends its way,
As bridegroom on his weddin' journey.
The weary wanderer lifts the latch,
Frae snarlin' tykes he dreads nae danger;
Weel does he ken, in butt, in ben,
There's aye a corner for the stranger!

An' there, the pawkie packman chiel'
Is sure to ca' ilk time he passes,
To show his wares an' town-bred airs,
An' ha'e a haver wi' the lasses.
The wandering widow-wife an' weans
Aye leave the door wi' mony a blessin';
Nae ferlie then, nor coek nor hen
Frae Rab's kail-yard was e'er amissin'.
Wi' Faney's gleg and glowin' e'e,
This very hour I think I see 'im,
An' hear his bursts o' manly glee,
The last blithe night that I had wi' 'im:
We baith were in a glorious key—
The year was good—I've seen few better;
Sae, gin ye keep awa' frae sleep,
I'se tell ye something 'bout the matter.
Then, first and foremost, I maun tell
How Tam, my son, had grown man-muckle,
An' nought would sair my son and heir,
But he wi' womankind would buckle.
I kent he lo'ed Rab's sweet wee pet—
Frae bairns they had been fond o' ither;
Sae aff I set, to see and get
The twa young creatures knit thegither!
'Twas on a Hansel-Monday's night—
The lift had neither moon nor star in—
The naked trees, like men o' might,
Were wi' the roarin' tempests warrin'.

The swirlin' drift flew chokin' thick—
The drivin' ice was like to spear me;
But Cæsar's bark, and my oak stick,
Soon made my merry crony hear me.

The door flew open, welcome wide !
“Losh, man !” quo' he, “I'm blithe to see ye !
Come in frae out the snarlin' win'—
Ha'e ye ony ither crony wi' ye?
Aff wi' your plaid an' bonnet blue—
The snaw's a foot aboon the cherry;
Let tempests roar outside the door,
We've that within will mak' us merry.

“Come hither, Cæsar, king o' dogs !
Ye're aye the same wild, rantin' roggie;
Gae butt the house, an' lay your lugs
In wild wee Davie's parritch coggie.
Come butt, my sweet wee wife, an' throw
Your biggest log upon the ingle;
We'll a' be blithe the night, for, lo !
Behold my trusty frien', Tam Pringle !

“Draw in your stool. See, there's my mull—
Or Will will bring his cutty ben;
An' syne we'se ha'e a lang, strang pull
At the neck o' Tibbie's tappit hen !
How's a' the folk in your town-en' ?
O ! weel I like the dear auld parish.”
“Haith, Rab !” quo' I, “as far's I ken,
A' thing's lookin' pretty fairish.

Your first calf-love has her tenth wean—

A gie bit change sin first ye kent her—
Your cousin Will has aye the mill,
An' barber Archie's aye precentor."

"I ken 'im weel, the canty chiel',
Nae doubt he is a glorious singer,
But 'tis said he's been rebukit thrice
For turnin' up his wee bit finger."

"That's e'en owre true. 'Bout three weeks syne,
The moral law he sadly blundered,
He fell asleep in's desk, instead

O' leading aff the dear 'Auld Hundred!'
The congregation sat amazed;

Mess John a moment looked an' wondered,
But soon, like lightning frae the cloud,
The Word at Archie's head he thundered!"

"And hoo are 'a' our curlin frien's—

Ance 'twas ill to fin' their marrows:
Do they still discuss their beef an' greens
At the auld sign o' the Horse an' Harrows?
Hoo fendeth he—the Dominie—

Sae fond o' lair and Athol crowdie?"

"The rumour rins, to mend his sins,
He's wed the humphy-bucket howdie!"

"Ye mind, in our glad school-boy days,
Young Widow Miller's pale-faced callant,
Wha, 'mang his native woods and braes,
Wrote mony a flowery-worded ballant.

Poor thing! he drapt frae 'mang us a',
Like bud frae lightning-blasted timmer,
Or like a thoughtless flake o' snaw,
That lights upon a beam o' simmer."

"Robin," quo' I, "my crony, dear!
Nae time is this for saut tears sheddin',
For ye maun ken what brought me here
Is naething less, man, than a weddin'.
What's best o' a', the lovin' twa
Are my bauld Tam an' your dear Jenny;
Sae, if you an' me can but agree,
I'll spend wi' glee the arle-penny."

Up Robin lap; his bonnet blue
Richt bauldly on his brow he cockit;
An' syne he took my hand, an' shook
My shouther near-han' frae its socket.
"Tibbie," quo' he, "my dear! my doo!
Come, set your biggest bowl before us;
I dinna say that I'll be fu',
But I'm determined to get glorious!"

Will cracked his thums wi' might an' main,
Sae happy at sic merry news;
He showed us on the clean hearth-stane
The first sax steps o' dear Shantrews!
In cam' wee Davie, dancin' daft,
Wi' breeks up-buckled for a journey,
Bauld ridin' on his grannie's staff,
As proud's a knight at warlike tourney.

Nae goat upon the mountains' brow,
Nae Highland shelty e'er were dafter—
His cracking whip, an' loud "Hip, hip—
Hurrah!" rang out through roof an' rafter.
Wee Tib lap aff her mither's knee,
For naething in the house would please her,
But she would join the mirth and glee,
An' ha'e a twa-some reel wi' Cæsar.

Her bonny mither looked the while
Wi' pride upon the merry meetin'—
The same sweet love whilk made her smile,
Did sometimes near-han' set her greetin';
Sae merry were we, ane an' a',
That hours seemed short is nae surprisin';
The sun was smilin' on the snaw,
E'er Rab or I ance thought o' risin'.

Thou guardian Power, to whom I kneel,
Hear thou the humble, heartfelt prayer,
I breathe for dear auld Scotland's weal—
Her hardy sons an' daughters fair!
The love that sent Elijah bread,
Can shield them still in dire distress—
Can smite the rock, an' kindly spread
Their table in the wilderness.

Keep her dear daughters ever kind,
Eident aye in virtuous duty,
Fair as in form, as pure in mind,
Earth's proudest boast for worth or beauty;

An' may her brave sons ever be
Heroes in freedom's bauldest story !
Aye ready be to live or dee,
For Scotland's fame ! an' Scotland's glory !



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